THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1892.

NOTICE.

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PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE influenza has introduced a wholly unforeseen complication into a situation already quite complicated enough. The regrettable death of the KHEDIVE may at least have one good effect. It will clear up our position in Egypt and lead to the resumption of negotiations to that end, which have already been delayed quite long enough. ISMAIL, the financier, being wholly out of the question, the new KHEDIVE —a minor—must practically be a figure-head controlled by a Regency. France's soreness in all that relates to Egypt comes out in connection with the International Sanitary Conference, by the ridiculous desire expressed by the organs of her Government to preserve the system of quarantining ships in transit through Egypt, which is more likely than anything else to bring out any epidemic latent among its unhappy victims. The *Standard* suggests that the first duty of the new KHEDIVE must be to recognise his vassalage to the SULTAN. We earnestly trust that any such recognition will be taken to mean as little as possible. The intrigues of Western diplomatists, injurious enough in themselves, are made indefinitely worse by any admixture of that Oriental delay and duplicity of which Constantinople is the centre and focus.

THERE are dissolution rumours, the most improbable of which fixes August as the month for the General Election. If Ministers do not appeal to the country before June, it is pretty certain that they will postpone the hazard till the autumn. Some of their supporters are strenuously urging them to hold on till 1893. The *Standard*—with the zeal of the hardened pledge-breaker—suggests that some pretext may yet be found for dropping the Irish Local Government Bill altogether. The Session of 1893, it is said, might be profitably devoted to a Redistribution of Seats Bill, on some plan which would reduce the wicked Nationalist majority in Ireland. It is of no consequence that such an interference with the Irish representation would mean a violation of the sacred Act of Union.

THE admirable harmony of the Unionists is illustrated by SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH'S repudiation of any proposals which aim at the resettlement of our electoral system. He rebukes those who crave for a redistribution of seats, and he is rebuked in his turn by the *Times* for exciting illusive hopes in the minds of the virtuous poor. It is very well to talk about drawing distinctions between the indolent pauper and the indigent citizen who is the victim of misfortune and not of sin; but what is the use of rousing the hostility of hard-pressed taxpayers for the sake of people who can do the Government no good at the polls? This is, probably, the dominant philosophy amongst the Unionists, who frankly object to being dragged into social experiments, unless "the vote" is at the bottom of them.

BEFORE trying their luck with the constituencies, the Government are determined to make an effort to counteract the Liberal propaganda amongst the agricultural labourers. A Conservative Rural Conference is to shed its wisdom on the Eastern counties, and MR. CHAPLIN will show the rural elector that his best guide is the politician who till quite recently was in favour of a five shilling duty on corn. The Conservative Conference will scout Parish Councils, and will urge the complete efficiency of District Councils for all the purposes of local administration. This zeal for the District Council is a little belated, and the unsophisticated countryman may marvel to be told by his Conservative friends that while the District Council will give him a powerful influence in local affairs, the Parish Council will be the creature of the landlords.

IT must be admitted that SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH made one obvious point in favour of the hard-pressed taxpayer. According to MR. CHARLES BOOTH'S scheme, the country is to pay seventeen millions sterling in order to provide everybody with a pension who survives at the age of sixty-five. The taxpayer who reflects that this may mean a pension of five shillings a week for members of the Rothschild family will think himself rather ill-used by MR. BOOTH'S philanthropy. There is much to be said for some plan of discriminating between the deserving poor and the irreclaimable vagabond in our workhouse system; but on this head SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH merely echoes MR. GLADSTONE, a circumstance which is quite sufficient to excite the horror of the *Times*.

MR. C. S. LOCH, the able Secretary of the Charity Organisation Society, has explained to MR. BAXTER, the coroner for East London, that on the night when an unfortunate tinker died of starvation and exposure there were shelters within easy distance which were by no means full. What MR. LOCH does not explain is the absence of any adequate machinery for making these places known to every destitute wanderer. It may be taken for granted that the tinker would not have died if he had suspected that there was a night's lodging within his reach. The fact that neither he nor the watchman who befriended him knew this is a rather serious defect in charity organisation.

MR. JAMES KNOWLES is circulating an appeal from MR. NICOLAS SHISHKOFF, a member of the Relief Committee of the Society of the Red Cross, for funds in aid of the starving peasantry in Russia. Unfortunately, the accounts from Russia do not point to any efficient organisation for the administration of relief. There is even a strong suspicion, which Reuter's travelling correspondent puts very bluntly, that the money collected by the Red Cross Society does not find its way into the famine-stricken districts. It would be well if MR. SHISHKOFF would give some guarantee that the contributions which are to be sent to the Governor of Samara will be applied to the purpose of the donors. At present the attitude of the Russian authorities inspires little confidence either at home or abroad.

With much in Professor Beesly's protest against the spirit of national aggrandisement all Liberals must agree; but his panacea against disaster to our arms cannot easily be reconciled with the genius of his countrymen. If we understand Professor Beesly aright, he proposes that all our possessions over the seas shall be given up, and that, in the interests of public safety, we shall retire within the confines of the United Kingdom. To these propositions it is sufficient to object that the total abandonment of the Empire as a safeguard against alarms can never commend itself to Englishmen. As for the moral example which Professor Beesly thinks this policy would set to the rest of Europe, we are afraid that he exaggerates the potency of a form of self-sacrifice which most people would mistake for dotage.

The strike conducted by the German Printers' Union in favour of the nine hours' day continues, in spite of the resistance of the employers and the substantial aid afforded them by the German Government, which has sequestrated the ordinary funds of the Union in order that they may not be applied to strike purposes. The strike has taken a thoroughly international character, and the support of the English printers of all grades, whose hours tend to eight a day, is a proof of the continued activity of that phase of the labour movement which looks to a combination of the workers by industries rather than by nationalities only. At the same time strikers have, we fear, a hard battle to fight against employers and the Government combined. Incidentally the proof that William the Second's reforming energies have not vitally affected the policy of his Government on labour questions, though by no means a solitary one, shows that in matters essential we still are in the van of industrial freedom. Fancy Mr. Matthews proposing to confiscate the funds of the London Society of Compositors!

In England and Ireland, the influenza is widespread, and seems to be increasing. The corrected death-rate in London reaches 32 per 1,000—the highest rate at this season for ten years past. But matters are far worse on the Continent. All over Belgium and Northern France it is very severe; in Brussels, the King, some of the Ministers, and at least two Ambassadors, are ill. At Gheel, the well-known town where lunatics are treated without confinement, there were 184 deaths in the ten days after Christmas. The schools at Arras have been closed. The Paris death-rate last week increased by 18 per cent. Spain is heavily visited, and Senor Canovas is among the sufferers. At Rome six Cardinals are ill. All over North Italy the epidemic is very prevalent: in Genoa and Milan the elementary schools are closed, and in the latter town there have been about 500 fresh cases daily—possibly more, but the doctors have no time to make up statistics: the resources of the undertakers are severely taxed, and the deaths (from pneumonia and bronchial complications) have been upwards of 150 in a day: Austria has been somewhat relieved by the frost, though at Pressburg the ravages of the disease are compared with those of the cholera in 1866, and Constantinople is now attacked. In Munich and Silesia the disease is malignant, while in Copenhagen fifty thousand persons are suffering. Usually it is of a mild type; but occasionally delirium occurs and meningitis supervenes. In the United States too it is severe, especially west of the Mississippi; but it is said to be passing southward, and is declining in Canada. It is announced that the influenza bacillus has been discovered in Berlin by two independent investigators. But as the competition among scientific institutions in Germany ensures that every discovery in any subject, from Biblical criticism to biology, shall immediately be met by refutation, usually of a contemptuous and apparently triumphant character, we must, for the present, receive the statement with caution.

On Thursday the Stock Markets were excited, and for a while there was a considerable fall in all departments, occasioned by a report that British sailors had been landed in Tangier, and that a strong protest had been made by France. Another rumour was that it was French sailors who had been landed, and that the protest had been made by Spain, while still a third rumour attributed the intention to land to Spanish sailors, and it was said that France had threatened to resist. There was a sharp fall in all foreign stocks, and for a while even the American market gave way. The real reason of the weakness appears to have been the illness of the Khedive of Egypt. When it became known, there was a fall in Egyptian stocks. Other foreign stocks followed, and the sensational rumours respecting Tangier caused a general upset in all markets. The Continental Bourses are very weak, and there is still a large speculation for the fall, and possibly some of the speculators set the rumours afloat to further their own ends. Here in London, too, there has been persistent selling of American railroad securities since the beginning of the week. During the second half of December prices rose very considerably in New York and speculators took advantage of the rise to realise profits, while many holders who required money to make up for losses in other directions were glad to be able to sell on favourable terms. While, however, London has been selling, New York has been freely buying, and it is evident that not only the great operators but the general public in the United States are convinced that the prices will go very much higher than they are even now.

The scarcity of money in the open market on the last day of the old year turns out to have been even greater than was generally suspected. The outside market—that is to say, the bill brokers and stock brokers—borrowed from the Bank of England considerably over £1,800,000. In the three days immediately preceding they had borrowed very nearly £2,200,000; so that in the four last days of the old year the outside market borrowed from the Bank of England in round figures four millions, or say, about as much as a quarter's interest upon the whole National Debt. These figures illustrate the extraordinary scarcity caused in the market by the absurd policy pursued by the joint stock banks in calling in loans when making up their accounts, to make it appear that they hold larger reserves than they actually do, and by the calling in of money for the payment of dividends and interest by the India Council and by the great financial houses. At the same time the Government borrowed from the Bank of England for paying the interest upon the debt very nearly three millions; so that in about ten or twelve days about seven millions, in round figures, were borrowed from the Bank of England. The payment of the interest on the National Debt early this week and the large borrowings from the Bank have so greatly increased the supply of loanable capital in the outside market that money has become as exceptionally plentiful and cheap as it was exceptionally scarce and dear last week. It has often indeed been difficult to lend on almost any terms, and the rate of discount in the open market has fallen to somewhat under 2 per cent. The greater part of the loans made by the Bank of England to the outside market fall due to-day, and their repayment will, of course, diminish the supply in the market, and for a little while may tend to raise rates. But, for a considerable time to come, it seems clear that the market will be very easy, and the general expectation is that the Bank of England very soon now will lower its rate of discount. The silver market has become very weak, and the price has fallen to 43½d. per oz., lower than before the last American Silver Law was introduced into Congress.

THE LAND OF PROMISES.

WHEN Rousseau asserted that the English people, for all their boasting, only knew what freedom was once every seven years, and then but for the brief space of three weeks during the turmoil of a General Election, he uttered a criticism of that great incomprehensible, our admirable Constitution, altogether beyond De Lolme or even Sir Erskine May. We are now rapidly approaching one of these majestic periods, and, owing to Lord Salisbury's persistency in sticking where he is, the elements of uncertainty and surprise as to the precise hour of our enfranchisement become day by day more nearly exhausted, with the result, now patent to every observer, that the General Election, however coyly Her Majesty's Ministers may speak of it, is now the dominating fact in politics.

The immediate consequence of this has been to drive politicians of every grade in lowing herds into the Land of Promises, where they wind slowly o'er the leas. Tories, Radicals, Liberal Unionists, the Friends of Labour, of the Elizabethan settlement of religion sometimes called the Established Church, and, indeed, everyone who has an end to serve, a political anvil to hammer, or a seat to keep, is hard at work ingratiating himself with the electorate, and avoiding all manner of offence. Were only the soil cultivated with one half the assiduity that is now bestowed upon the voters who dwell thereon, by divine permission of the landlord, what a harvest should we have in '93! The spectacle is not altogether edifying; but, then, how few spectacles are—least of all, perhaps, instruments of Government in full working order. For our own part, we have no quarrel with our Sovereign Lord. A Majority at the polls, even when it comes to us filtered through a Registration Court and most ridiculously distributed over unequal electoral districts, is, in our view, as decent a monarch as ever kept a Court or claimed a subject's allegiance.

There is, therefore, no shame in recognising the fact that it is now the duty of serious politicians to spend the next few months in ascertaining and considering the wishes and—no need to be ashamed of the word—the aspirations of the most recently enfranchised of the electorate with the intent of contributing to give legal effect to those wishes when that is found to be consistent with the general welfare. There is no hardship in this lot. Pedants, whose knowledge of human nature has been derived from a hasty and partial generalisation from their scouts, may think it degrading drudgery, but no man, be his politics what they may, who has gone in and out amongst the people in any particular locality or centre of industry and made himself acquainted with their actual circumstances and methods of life, has ever regretted the hour when he turned his back upon the common-room of his college and sought his interests elsewhere.

No democrat, at all events, need quarrel with the Prime Minister for postponing the election, either as long as he has done or as long as he may do. The longer the politicians are compelled to pick up their living in the Land of Promises, the better for the people. Performance is a great matter; no doubt of it. Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast a better. True enough; but despite these truths, it is during times like the present—when the democracy feel they are a living power, and have a shaping influence—that men grow accustomed to new ideas; and, after all, we are governed by ideas and not by Acts of Parliament. Never before have genuinely democratic notions so permeated all classes, so soaked our institutions, as during the past six months. The political atmosphere we have been breathing all this time has rather been that of a prolonged General Election than of a settled Government. We may, as Radicals, be well content lightly to draw the same breath during the next six months.

Another thing is certain, and Mr. Balfour, who is a shrewd man of the day, has probably made up his mind to it. He cannot expect to hold the coming Parliamentary Session in his grip. You cannot prolong a Parliament to its latest breath and expect it to devote that to doing your will. Members will not settle down in February to the dogged despatch of the business of the Ministry. Both Mr. Balfour's own time and the time of the House will be taken up with promiscuous promising. Both sides will babble o' green fields, of eight hours, and of many other things. To scold, to storm, will be idle. Things are what they are thought to be, and the Parliament of 1886 is in 1892 *functus officio*. Lord Salisbury only keeps it where it is as an electioneering dodge, and he will send it whence it came whenever his chances at the polls are brightest. The Queen's Speech will not be an honest invitation to legislate, but a counterblast to the Newcastle programme. It will be rich with the luscious fruit which grows in the Land of Promises—fruit which is pleasant to the eye, and which will be dangled within easy reach of the electorate and promised them as their very own if only they will abstain from devouring 'the crude apple,' Home Rule, so pertinaciously thrust into their hands by "the old man eloquent."

Only listen to an astute writer in the *Standard* newspaper:—"The public need not be afraid that during the coming session the Irish Local Government Bill will play the part of Aaron's serpent, swallowing up all other projects for the relief of the community. . . . The Government are resolved that the legitimate demands of Scotland shall not be sacrificed to factious tactics. . . . They are equally determined that the claims of Labour, whether in town or country, shall have a hearing in Parliament, and that steps shall be taken to satisfy all lawful aspirations and all feasible requests. . . . The agricultural labourer must look back to the session of 1892 as one devoted in no small degree to the promotion of his interests." Here is matter for many a May morning. What beautiful phrases. "Projects for the relief of the community," "The claims of Labour," "lawful aspirations," "feasible requests," "promotion of the interests" of the agricultural labourer. Even Scotland is not forgotten in this Land of Promises. Her legitimate demands are to be satisfied. This touch is enough to make Lord Robertson, the late Lord Advocate, die of laughing. Hitherto the Government has paid as much attention to the legitimate demands of Scotland as they would to the recital by a professional Highlander of Smollet's "Tears of Caledonia." But it will all be different now, and everybody, even a Scotch member, is promised a hearing.

This programme is full enough, but, under the circumstances, the Opposition cannot be expected to wait in silence the unfolding of their own plans and simply to shout with old Dennis, "That is my thunder." No! they, too, will have their say. Obstruction need not be so much as hinted at, so irrepressible will be the desire to talk. Men who are accustomed to talk will talk more than ever, and men who have never talked before will talk now. The Parliament of 1886 will die talking and promising. The deaths of Parliament are not great things, particularly when they expire by effluxion of time, and promises are often worth nothing; nor need the probable fate of individual members at the polls concern us much. The things of real interest are the course of events and the condition of the people, and, having regard to the enormous progress the country

has lately made in the direction of real self-government, we are persuaded that this prolonged sojourn in the Land of Promises to which we have been alluding is really likely to prove an important epoch in our political and social history.

THE FIGHT IN ROSSENDALE.

THERE are abundant signs that the contest in the Duke of Devonshire's old constituency excites anything but unbounded confidence in the Unionist camp. Sir Thomas Brooks is not a candidate to arouse enthusiasm. His chief claim to consideration is that he is known to his neighbours as "Tom Brooks." As he has mentioned this romantic circumstance on the platform, he evidently regards it as worth many votes. His election address and his speeches betray the most primitive acquaintance with public affairs. There is room for only one real idea in Sir Thomas Brooks's head, and this is that he is bound to pose as a Liberal. He is even in favour of "one man one vote," but as somebody has told him that this must be associated with a redistribution of seats, he parades this discovery as if it were the supreme wisdom of statesmanship. Local option receives vague encouragement from Sir Thomas, and Disestablishment is a question he promises to consider some day. In a word, this worthy man is used by the Unionist managers simply to catch votes, just as Sir Thomas in the Ingoldsby legend was put into the pond to catch eels. This blank innocence of the Liberal Unionist candidate for Rossendale is supposed to be peculiarly attractive to the slippery voter. Sir Thomas Brooks repeats on the platform what he has been told in the committee-room, and apologises for occasional confusion of mind on the ground that he is a "novice." This is the amiable and confiding politician for whom Rossendale Liberals are invited to vote, because on every question save that of Ireland he agrees with the Liberal party. Some of our Tory contemporaries have gravely reproved Sir Thomas Brooks for his "fads." They might have spared themselves the trouble. He attaches no definite meaning to any of the propositions which he has borrowed from his prompters. It has never occurred to him that to connect "one man one vote" with the redistribution of seats is just as reasonable as to connect it with manhood suffrage.

The political intelligence which devises shifts of this kind is naturally luminous in Sir Thomas Brooks's deliverances about Ireland. He has been taught that an Irish Parliament would either be a national danger to England, or would reduce Irishmen to the level of "vassals." It is evident that Sir Thomas has not the least idea of what "vassal" means, but there is some cloudy notion in his mind that to give the Irish a subordinate Legislature for the transaction of their own affairs would be to inflict upon them an intolerable humiliation. To govern them by a permanent Coercion Act, to ignore the demands of their representatives, and occasionally clap these gentlemen into prison, is to recognise their equality and conciliate their pride; but to abstain from all interference in their local concerns, and to restore their national Parliament, is the surest way to forfeit their confidence and wound their honour. This sort of reasoning shows that Sir Thomas Brooks is an intelligent pupil of Mr. T. W. Russell, who is repeating in Rossendale the harangues which are familiar in every corner of the kingdom. Mr. Russell has persuaded Sir Thomas that Mr. Gladstone is keeping the country in the dark about Home Rule, while everybody, of course, knows the details of Mr. Balfour's Irish Local Government Bill. It would puzzle Mr. Russell to say even on what principle this measure is founded. What, then, is the point of abusing Mr. Gladstone for not publishing all the details of a Bill which cannot be laid before the present Parliament? Of what use it is to tell Mr. Russell the plainest facts appears from his assertion that no Liberal knows whether or not the Home Rule Bill will retain Irish representatives at Westminster. On that point the most explicit assurance has been given by Mr. Gladstone of his readiness to provide for the representation of Ireland in the Imperial Parliament; but Mr. Russell and the spasmodic phonograph which purports to be the Unionist candidate for Rossendale will continue to assert the contrary with the conviction of superior knowledge.

These are the simple arts which, it is hoped, will beguile the Rossendale electors to return in the room of the Liberal Unionist leader a fitting representative of an ever-shifting imposture. We are told that this contest is being fought by the Unionists on the issue of Home Rule; but the Duke of Devonshire claims, in his farewell address to his constituents, that a Conservative Government has furnished the most ample satisfaction to Liberalism for the last five years. "It would be difficult," he says, "to point to a series of more practical and beneficent reforms than have been passed into law during the last five years under the guidance of the Unionist Government." The other assumptions contained in this document need not be discussed in detail, but it is useful to learn that, quite apart from the Irish question, the Duke of Devonshire prefers a Tory Administration. Lord Salisbury said that Mr. Balfour had transcended every statesman, living or dead, by his rule in Ireland, and the Duke of Devonshire can find no record of Liberal legislation which surpasses, or probably even equals, that of the present Cabinet. This should simplify matters for the electors of Rossendale. They are practically asked to turn a Liberal constituency into a permanent appanage of the Tory party. They know that when the Conservative leaders adopt "one man one vote," Sir Thomas Brooks will support it, but not before. They know that, in the judgment of the Duke of Devonshire, "the reconstruction of parties" has produced a beneficent condition of affairs which makes a Tory Government the sole instrument of wisdom in every branch of the public service. It behoves every Liberal in Rossendale, therefore, to remember that if Sir Thomas Brooks should go to the House of Commons, it will be not only as an opponent of Home Rule, but as a recruit for the statesmen who have made Liberal Unionism a dodge for keeping the Tories in office.

THE HEALTH OF LONDON.

THE London Public Health Act, which came into operation with the New Year, is in many respects a most valuable statute, and Mr. Ritchie deserves great credit for having carried it. But it partakes of that incompleteness which the present Duke of Devonshire once declared to be a characteristic point of Unionist legislation, and which less exalted persons are apt to regard as a defect. It is not, indeed, nearly so bad in this way as the Factory Act of Mr. Matthews, which embodies scarcely one of the recommendations made by the Lords Committee on Sweating. Indeed, if it had not been for Mr. Sydney Buxton, who defeated the Government and succeeded in raising the age of half-timers from eleven to twelve, the Factory Act

would hardly have been worth passing. The London Public Health Act, which both consolidates and amends the law, has some excellent provisions, and ought to do a great deal of practical good. But it is vitiated by one fatal flaw. It assumes the capacity and willingness of the vestries to discharge their duties without fear or favour, without affection or ill-will. London will never be properly managed until the existing vestries have been swept away and replaced by bodies elected on a different system with a more popular suffrage. The London County Council, which will survive the cheap humour of the shabby genteel, will doubtless perform its part, and perform it well. But Mr. Ritchie has himself shown his distrust of the vestries by providing that for certain offences against the Act any person may take proceedings. This is an anomaly which no other civilised country would tolerate, which only the miserable condition of vestrydom can explain, and which nothing can excuse. Under the new Act the complainant or informant may be "any person, whether aggrieved or not, and whether a public officer or not." Private prosecutions for criminal offences are peculiar to England. They are unknown in Scotland, almost unknown on the Continent, practically unknown in Ireland. But even if the English system be generally the best, which we take leave to doubt, offences against the health of the community should be excepted from the rule as matters of wholly public concern. If the abatement of nuisances is left to the caprice of individuals, or even if individuals are allowed to interfere with it, administrative organisation may almost be said to disappear. Even Sydney Smith—when he made such merciless fun of the rage for inspection, and declared that if you met a young Whig you did not ask him whether he was an inspector, but into what department of human life it was his business to inquire—would hardly have suggested that the drainage of London should be left to private enterprise.

Having thus far criticised the Act, which was very imperfectly debated in the House of Commons, we may point out some of its virtues, which are considerable. In the first place, there is a valuable improvement in the definition of a nuisance, which must now be "injurious or dangerous," instead of merely "injurious" to health. Under the former law the Court might have required evidence that actual sickness had been caused, or, in other words, might have refused to lock the stable-door until the horse had been stolen. A more practical change—and one which will come home, in the old Baconian phrase, to "men's business and bosoms"—is the substitution of the sanitary authority for the householder as the party responsible for cleaning the pavements. The survival of a crude and early individualism which left every man and woman to sweep their own doorsteps had unpleasant results for the timid pedestrian after a fall of snow. For, wherever there was an unoccupied house, there was a tract of ice or slush which reminded him that he was in the greatest city of the world, and suggested to him language more forcible than decorous. Moreover, though this accumulation of good things taxes the powers of a hardened Londoner's credulity, we are actually to have scavengers in our streets. "Dust, dirt, rubbish, mud, road sweepings, ice, snow, and filth," are to be ruthlessly cleared away, so that London will scarcely be recognisable by its oldest inhabitant. If these novel functions of civic life are not discharged by the sanitary authority, this august entity "shall be liable to a fine not exceeding twenty pounds." Could Mr. Bumble read these remarkable words, he would exclaim, with pathetic indignation, "The law is a Hass." The fines will come out of the rates, and not out of the vestrymen's pockets. But the default of these worthies, with its attendant consequences, will not increase their popularity, or promote their prospects of re-election. Impulsively generous or inordinately wealthy people will no longer be able to pay the dustman, unless they wish to get him into trouble, and make him incur the risk of a penalty. Upon the whole, the Act seems to be a fairly good one, and it will probably enhance the amenities of the metropolis as an eligible residence. It ought also to bring the reform of the vestries within measurable distance of accomplishment.

BACK TO VESTRYDOM?

THE maladroit malevolence of the organ of Mr. Pigott as a critic of the London County Council has been conspicuously illustrated in its publication of a dreary, but very spiteful, effusion by Mr. Brudenell Carter. This document would hardly be worth notice but for the fact that it admirably "samples" the kind of tactics employed to ensure the return of the corrupt and effete system which the Council superseded. The *Times* employs one of its leader-writers, whose distinctions have been won elsewhere than in the Council of which he is an irregular and somewhat eccentric member, to prove—what? That the Council is a nest of jobbery? that its administration is bad and feeble? that its cost is out of proportion to its services? Nothing of the kind. The *St. James's Gazette*, describing Mr. Carter's letter, talks of serious charges against the Progressives. And the gravamen of those charges is—that the Committees are too large, and that the Progressives "packed" the Chairmen and also the Aldermanic bench!

Did ever a mountain of malevolence produce a more ridiculous critical mouse? The worst that can be said of the Council is that it puts more work into its Committees' than into its Board meetings—a fault entirely on the right side—and that its majority, which swept the field at the elections, have decided to maintain a preponderating influence in its affairs! But, as a matter of fact, the only facts which we can extract from Mr. Carter's cumbrous pile of rhetoric point an opposite moral to his own. He instances the Asylums Committee, which consists of sixty members. Now the Asylums Committee is perhaps the most brilliantly successful of the chief administrative bodies on the Council. It has economised, improved, reformed, in every conceivable direction. Its sub-committees, sharing between them the control of 16,000 lunatics, have set a new model for the management of public asylums, and have deduced order out of the chaos of conflicting authorities which have been the despair of the social reformer. No doubt some of the Committees have been large. But that is just a point where the vestry mind is—to use the language of the hymn—"sure to err." It takes no account of the bigness of London. If the critics of the County Council would only follow Lord Salisbury's advice, and take to their maps instead of going to their imaginations for their facts, and to their prejudices for their opinions, they would see what a giant affair the adequate government of London means. It is precisely because the Council has really conceived London as ONE—a mighty but still a real unit—that it has been compelled to adapt the old methods of government to the new exigencies. The result of the large Committees has, on the whole, been that London to-day possesses a series of administrative departments unequalled for diligence, ability, and reforming zeal, which has been entirely according to knowledge. Take the most

ordinary functions of administration. London is better drained than ever; its parks and open spaces never looked one-quarter as well as they do to-day; its Fire Brigade is a model of efficiency; its bridges and their approaches are in apple-pie order. Much of this welcome change is due both to the ample Committees and the habit of personal inspection of public works which the members have adopted. As for Mr. Carter's point about the Aldermen, it is, unhappily, a good deal less true than we should have desired. The Aldermen, so far from being a stalwart Progressive force, have been mostly a dead-weight on its activities. Many of the Aldermen's attendances are bad. They have not all been good workers, and they have parted company with the Progressives on important reforms. The majority are probably by this time converted to the opinion that it would have been better to constitute the Council on the lines of uncompromising democracy.

Meanwhile the cheering fact about the attacks on the County Council is, that their only hope of success is clearly based on the belief that the friends of vestrydom can beat the policy of the Progressives by attacking their administration. In this, as Mr. Carter's ponderous futilities show, they will be completely unsuccessful. It is absolutely necessary to enlarge the powers of the Council, and we hope the Liberal leaders will take their courage in their hands and back the attempt to make London's Parliament adequate to London's needs. But it happens to be curiously contrary to the truth that the Council is a bad administrator. It has been an exceptionally good one. It has easily beaten vestrydom on its own ground. The Council's zeal for the public good, displayed in the larger projects for London's welfare, has been conspicuously extended to the humbler offices of local government. As against this revival of public spirit, we have the attempts of the unclean crew from which the Council rescued London, to regain their justly forfeited empire. And to this task the *Times* is lending itself with an unholy fervour thoroughly worthy of the patron of the late Mr. Pigott.

DOGBERRY AT EASTBOURNE.

THE Eastbourne magistrates would be absurd if they were not mischievous. Cannot the Home Secretary do something to bring them to a reasonable frame of mind? They are bent, it would seem, upon making the present law as to public meetings and processions irksome, and even intolerable. Reasonably construed, it is all that could be wished. You must not, whatever be your object, religious or secular, prevent streets and highways being used for the purpose for which they are made. You must not have in Fleet Street a procession stopping all traffic, or hold meetings in the Bloomsbury district which will make every traveller to the North lose his train. But the streets are not for valetudinarians or hypochondriacs; the law is not to be administered by fanatics or pedants; and it is not every slight inconvenience which calls for penalties or imprisonment. If two or three brewers' drays delivering ale of a morning bar the way, or a Salvationist preacher gathers a crowd, it is a foolish abuse of power to bring either the brewer or the preacher before a police-court. Almost everywhere except in Eastbourne this is esteemed good sense. There, in a spirit which recalls nothing so much as the attitude of fanatical French Republicans to the Church of Rome, it is thought to be the duty of magistrates to press the law to its uttermost limit, and to fine a Wesleyan clergyman guilty of nothing more than assembling, apparently to nobody's serious inconvenience, a group of about a hundred people under a tree in Cornfield Road on a Sunday evening. In the eyes of every well-read lawyer there is a curious similarity between such prosecutions and others only too common thirty or forty years ago. In those days a man who dared avow heterodox opinions was sure to be dragged before the magistrates or some higher tribunal, and, if he could not be charged with blasphemy, he could generally be convicted of obstructing the highway. What Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Jacob Holyoake then suffered is reserved for Salvationists and Wesleyans. Freethinking was then the *bête noire* of officious Watch Committees; now the chief irritant is a street preacher.

Moreover, the legality of the whole conduct of the Eastbourne Dogberrys and Verges is very doubtful. We commend to their study the opinion given by Sir Charles Russell and Mr. Witt, a well-known junior member of the Common Law bar, as to the powers of the police. Directly bearing on the powers of the Eastbourne magistrates under the famous 169th section of the local Act, the "opinion" is instructive to all persons having dealings with the Salvationists. The Mayor thought fit to issue an order prohibiting religious meetings with or without music on the sands or foreshore within the borough. This, say these eminent counsel, is *ultra vires;* the section relied upon "does not enable the local authority to prohibit meetings on the foreshore and sands merely because it is anticipated that a crowd will assemble." When Salvationists have disregarded the obnoxious section the police have pretty freely used force to compel them. This, also, is pronounced illegal. Not the policemen's baton, but a summons, is the proper remedy. "Assaults for such a purpose are, in our opinion, unlawful, and would render the persons ordering or committing them liable to civil or criminal law." A Salvationist plays a bugle or a trombone in the streets of Eastbourne on a Sunday, which may be contrary to section 169; the police interfere, and perhaps maltreat the musician to compel him to stop playing. Is this lawful? "There is no provision in the Act giving the police such authority, and in our opinion they have no such authority at Common Law." In short, if these distinguished counsel are right, much of the conduct of the Eastbourne police is a tissue of illegality.

But our point is not that. We are concerned chiefly with the miserable spectacle of persevering folly, the survival of old-world feelings, and the slow growth of toleration in a community such as Eastbourne. In Chelsea, too, we note that the ill-judged zeal of the authorities in regard to certain Socialists threatens to turn into a serious public question what, wisely treated, would be of little consequence. Even if it were legal to knock about harmless enthusiasts, what tyranny it would be to use this power! Two centuries ago the victims of the same spirit were Quakers, their exasperating meekness being their offence. A century ago it was the Methodists. Half a century later advanced Radical politicians and Freethinkers were the special aversion of arrogant municipal authorities. Now they wage war on Salvationists, Wesleyans, and Socialists. And all, we are told, to enforce legality! It is to be hoped that the Salvationists and Wesleyans will hold their ground in the struggle in which, when the issues are understood, they will have on their side every true friend of civic freedom. Every principle for which Mr. Mill in his "Liberty" contended is violated at Eastbourne, and not the less because the victims are such as Mr. Mill did not anticipate. Whose turn it may be next we do not know. But we are certain that

the spectacle of such things done under cover of the law debauches the public conscience in the same way, though not to the same degree, as a bull fight or an *auto da fé*. "Neighbours, you are tedious," said Leonato to the absurd Watch of his day, and we are compelled to say the same of the similar body at Eastbourne.

AN AMERICAN BOOM.

IN the middle of December, when usually the approach of the Christmas holidays and of the end of the year warns speculators against engaging in new risks, there was a sudden and unexpected rise in American railroad securities. It began in New York and has been carried on successfully all through the Christmas and up to the present. Leading operators in London have taken part to some extent in the speculation, and there are signs that some of the great capitalists upon the Continent are likewise beginning to buy. If the rise continues, probably the British public also will be drawn into the gamble. As yet, however, the general public in this country has kept aloof, although brokers report that there is a good deal of quiet investment in American railroad bonds. It is to be hoped that the public, which has suffered so severely in recent years, will exercise due caution during the next few months. There is no question, of course, that the abundant harvest in the United States and the bad crops in Europe have greatly improved the economic condition of the great American Republic. The farmers have more grain to sell than for perhaps a dozen years past, and they are able to sell at higher prices than they have got for years. The railway companies generally are sharing in the prosperity. For some weeks, indeed, the quantity of grain offered for conveyance to the Atlantic seaports was so greatly in excess of the capacity of the railways that the companies had to give notice that they must suspend taking more traffic for some time; and there is every reason to expect that until the new harvest is gathered in the European demand for American food will continue at least as great as it is at present, and that, therefore, the farmers and railway companies will reap very handsome profits. It is reasonable to expect, too, that the prosperity of the farmers will lead to an improvement in general trade. They will have more money to spend in every way, and their expenditure can hardly fail to stimulate industry in various directions. But while all this is true, and while it justifies some rise in American railroad securities, it does not warrant the wild speculation that appears to be springing up.

Investors in this country will do well to confine their purchases mainly to well-secured bonds. They will do well, moreover, to recollect, in the first place, that bonds constitute a debt of the railway companies, and that the interest upon bonds, therefore, must be paid before any dividends can be declared; indeed, must be paid unless the company is to declare itself insolvent and to go under the charge of a receiver. Speaking generally, they will also be well advised if they select the bonds of companies which are able to pay dividends upon their shares, either preferred or ordinary. Suppose, for example, that there are two companies each having bonded debts which involve the payment annually of interest amounting to £100,000, and suppose that both companies have in addition shares to the nominal amount of ten millions sterling. Suppose, lastly, that one of the companies pays no dividend on the shares although for several years it has regularly paid the full interest upon its bonds, but that the second company not only pays the full interest upon its bonded debt, but that likewise it pays 1 per cent. dividend upon the ten millions of share capital ranking immediately after the bonds. It is evident that the bonds of the second company are much better secured than those of the first, for if anything were to happen which should sweep away a net annual income of £100,000 the second company would merely require to stop the payment of dividends and would be still able to pay the full interest upon its debt, whereas the first company would be compelled to suspend payment of the interest upon its debt. At the same time the reader must not suppose that the mere payment of a dividend upon shares ranking immediately after bonds ensures the continued payment of the interest whatever may happen. Firstly, it may be that the company which not only pays the interest upon its debt but also pays a dividend upon its shares may fall under the control of dishonest managers, and its future may be seriously jeopardised as a consequence. Or again, although the management may continue honest, a competing line may suddenly be built which may take away so much traffic as will for years place the line in serious difficulties. The investor, then, who wishes to place his money safely will not be content with merely inquiring whether the Company pays something more than the full interest upon its debt; he will also satisfy himself that the company is well managed, and that there is, so far as he can ascertain, no serious danger of competing lines being built in the territory which it serves.

Passing in the next place to shares, we would remind our readers that American railroad shares differ very greatly—much more, in fact, than is usual with home railway stocks. There are companies which are as well managed as English lines, which for years past have regularly paid dividends, and which in all human probability will continue to pay dividends in the future. On the other hand, there are companies which either in the present are badly managed or in the past have been wrecked by mismanagement, and which therefore cannot be expected to pay dividends upon their shares for a long time to come. Let us take, as an instance of a well-managed company with good prospects, the New York Central. About ten years ago it paid regularly for many years 8 per cent. per annum in dividends. Then the West Shore was built almost parallel with the New York Central; a war of rates broke out, the West Shore became bankrupt, and ultimately was bought up by the New York Central for about half the cost of its construction. But the result of the war of rates and the purchase of the West Shore was that the dividends of the New York Central were reduced from 8 per cent. to 4 per cent. Now it is understood that the dividend is to be increased to 5 per cent., and there has been as a consequence a very considerable rise in the price of the shares. It is evident that if the Company is in future able to pay 5 per cent. the shares are worth more than they were when it paid only 4 per cent.; but then the question is, will the Company be able to continue paying 5 per cent.? If the traffic of the West Shore has grown only for the time being, if it falls off again when times become bad in the United States, the New York Central will have to make up the deficits of the West Shore, and it is possible, therefore, that the New York Central may not be able to continue paying 5 per cent. There is no question that the New York Central is well managed. There is equally no question that the district it serves is rich, fairly populous, and highly progressive. But, all the same, it is possible that population and wealth have not yet grown sufficiently to enable the West Shore to continue paying its way in all times, and if that

should turn out to be the case, then the New York Central will suffer. We conclude, then, with the advice we have already given to the investor, to inquire carefully before he risks his money in American railroad securities. If he takes care to inform himself he will be able to invest in a very satisfactory way; but if he will not take trouble, then he is likely to lose his money.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

EUROPE at present is passing through a period of reaction from the nervous tension of last summer. The official receptions at the various Continental capitals on New Year's Day were not marked by any declarations of international importance. Even the German Emperor contributed nothing to disturb their calm. The Franco-Bulgarian incident—which last summer would have excited the alarmists all over Europe—now fails to stir more than a languid interest; while the industrious efforts of the *Standard* to follow up the great Dardanelles question by a Morocco question have not as yet attracted much attention, except, perhaps, at Madrid. Possibly it is the influenza that is responsible for this languor abroad.

The negotiation of commercial treaties continues. The Committee of the Austrian Reichsrath to whom the Austro-German treaty was submitted have reported in its favour, though without enthusiasm, its political advantages seemingly constituting its chief recommendation. France and Sweden are negotiating an arrangement based on the French minimum tariff, and Austria-Hungary is about to discuss treaties with her neighbours in the Balkans. The rumour that Russia and Germany are similarly engaged is probably premature.

The Anti-Slavery Convention, to which the French Chamber took exception in July last, has now been agreed to in its modified form by all the Powers concerned except Portugal and Holland, whose Parliaments have still to discuss it. The representatives of Austria, Russia, Turkey, and France signified their assent on Monday last.

The Bulgarian agent at Constantinople has presented a note to the Porte justifying the conduct of the Bulgarian Government in expelling M. Chadourne. Verbal notice, it is stated, of its intentions had twice been given to M. Chadourne; but no such notice was necessary, and ample precedents exist for its action. Nihilists have been expelled from Bulgaria, and other persons who were considered dangerous from Servia and Roumania; while in 1886 the Bulgarian Government formally announced its intention of expelling any foreigner who took part in the elections, and only one Power protested. France, it is rumoured, will demand a sort of European Court of Inquiry on the incident, presided over by the Porte; but the Sultan is said to be unwilling to interfere or to join either of the two rival leagues of Europe. And it is hardly likely, whatever happens, that the incident can have serious consequences.

The *Gaulois*' article on M. Paul de Cassagnac's attack on the Papal Nuncio, which there is little doubt was inspired by that personage himself, has been followed up by an emphatic semi-official condemnation of his "false zeal" and his "tendency to promote schism and discord" in the *Osservatore Romano*. The article reminds Catholics that their duty is to abide by the Concordat, inasmuch as it has been ratified by the Pope. M. de Cassagnac has contented himself with a formal repudiation of the Papal authority in political matters—since the next Pope, he remarks, may be the nominee of the Triple Alliance—but has declined to continue the controversy further. This censure, it is said, was communicated to the French Ambassador at the Vatican, who has been negotiating with the Pope regarding the attitude of French Catholics towards the Republic, and obtained assurances which promise well for peace. The correspondence between M. Grévy and the Pope, published by the *Temps*, will strengthen the position of the Government. If, however, the ultra-Catholics of France wish to make a demonstration, the approaching election of a successor to M. Freppel as Deputy for Brest will give them an opportunity. The Archbishop of Aix, the Bishop of Séez, and other militant ecclesiastics have been spoken of as possible candidates.

The Minister of Finance (M. Rouvier) has requested the various Ministers to supply him with the Budget estimates for their respective departments by to-morrow, in order that the Budget of 1893 may be discussed immediately after that of 1892. The delay of the latter has been awkward in many ways, and the friction between the two Houses is not over. However, the Chamber, by 371 to 108, has agreed with the Senate as to the amendments of the latter to the tariff.

The fortunes of the Panama Canal were discussed on Tuesday somewhat confusedly in the Chamber. A strong feeling was expressed in favour of expediting the prosecution of the directors, and M. Rouvier promised that the Government would do what it could—but how much is that?—to safeguard the interests of the bondholders. Those of the shareholders are past help. The cabmen of one of the large Paris companies (the Urbaine) are on strike. There is a cab strike also in Rome, chiefly provoked by the extension of the tramways.

M. de Laveleye's last articles on the revision of the Belgian Constitution are respectively an emphatic defence of the Senate, which he would like to see made representative of "interests"—commerce, agriculture, the professions, and so forth—and partly nominated by the King, and a recommendation that disputed elections shall be investigated, as in England, by an independent tribunal, and not, as is usual abroad, by the Chambers themselves.

M. de Laveleye's funeral took place at Liège, without religious ceremony (since he was a Protestant), on Tuesday. Speeches were delivered by various academic personages, among them a representative of his former pupils, and a Roumanian and a Bulgarian student—in recognition of his efforts for the freedom of those countries.

The King of the Belgians on New Year's Day pronounced emphatically in favour of an extension of the franchise.

In Germany a Socialist who refused to rise at a meeting when a cheer was given for the Emperor has just been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for "insulting the Imperial Majesty." Considering how often in Germany, as in England, allusions to Royalty are dragged into festive celebrations by officious personages, there was doubtless ample excuse for him. These prosecutions are said to be frequently used as weapons of personal enmity. Foreigners can only wonder how long it will be before Germany emerges from the fetichist stage of civilisation.

The inventor of the famous "zone system" of railway rates, Baron Czedik, is to yield his place in the Austrian Cabinet to Herr von Bilinski, a leader of the Polish party which is Count Taaffe's chief support.

The Hungarian "Party of Independence" have published a manifesto, in view of the general election, demanding the complete separation of Hungary from Austria in every respect save their common allegiance to the Hapsburg dynasty. Hungary demands her own army, her own Customs system, even her own Court. This manifesto is the work of Herr Eötvös—in whom we seem to recognise an old opponent of bureaucracy and advocate of industrial liberty somewhat on the same lines as John Stuart Mill.

The Portuguese Cortes were opened on Saturday. The King's Speech referred with satisfaction to recent loyal manifestations, promised financial reform, and contained some ominous words as to increased Protectionism.

There has been much this week about the Russian famine. A special correspondent (sent by Reuter) has at last set to work. His news so far only confirms what we have learnt as to the greatness of the calamity and the malversation of the relief funds. The Czar, it is said, has forbidden the use of the word "famine." It is to be replaced by "partial scarcity." The landowners are not doing their duty, and risings are expected in the spring. Countess Tolstoï's letter in the *Daily News* of Tuesday is confirmatory evidence of the magnitude of the distress.

The Imperial tobacco monopoly in Persia has been abolished after considerable rioting and disturbance at Teheran.

Two of the Chilians charged with participation in the *Baltimore* affray and one American sailor have been convicted by the Chilian Court. The Chilian Government, through its Minister at Washington, has apologised to the United States, and the difficulty is practically settled.

GERRYMANDERING THE NEW UNIVERSITY.

IT is perhaps hardly necessary to follow the example of a contemporary, and to adduce a German catalogue of the 147 Universities in the world as evidence of the fact that London as yet has only provided her citizens with an Examining Board in the place of a real Teaching University. For the more the importance of the teaching function of a true university has been realised of late years, the more conspicuous has become its absence from the existing University of London, and the more has the necessity of providing some efficient substitute pressed itself upon those who are interested in the better organisation of the higher teaching of London. But though this necessity has been everywhere acknowledged, it is probably safe to say that a few weeks back hardly anyone outside the immediate influence of two teaching institutions in London was aware that it had been supplied, and that "the most populous city of the world" was almost in possession of its own teaching university. The lethargy of Londoners, as was lately pointed out in these pages, is no doubt proverbial, yet this well-nigh universal ignorance on a subject of such importance to Londoners is the most practical condemnation that can be brought against the new teaching university and those responsible for it in its present form.

Most persons concerned in the higher education in London are aware that the Royal Commission of 1889 recommended that the University of London should be asked so to remodel itself as to enable it to undertake the great work of co-ordinating into one comprehensive and vitalising whole the *disjecta membra* of higher education throughout the metropolis. They also know that the University unhappily declined the task. But whether of set purpose, or whether through some unfortunate concurrence of circumstances, the fact that, contrary to the express wish of the Commissioners that it should be referred back to them for a further report, the matter was to be re-opened before the Privy Council last July did not, before the report of the inquiry appeared in the papers, penetrate beyond the charmed circle of the two colleges, of the medical schools, and of certain provincial Scotch and Irish medical associations. At any rate, it reached hardly one of those important educational institutions in London which were so carefully enumerated by the Royal Commission as worthy to share in the establishment of the new university. It might have been thought that an inquiry so nearly concerning the whole future of these institutions, and of the higher education of London, would have been carefully brought before the notice of every one of them, instead of being, as it was, kept studiously out of their sight. At any rate, common justice and common-sense alike demanded that any attempt to lay down the lines upon which the new charter was to be drawn up should have been submitted to the fullest discussion, and that the completest co-operation of all the institutions concerned should have been invited. Unfortunately, however, narrower counsels prevailed, and the whole matter was managed and carried out practically by these two institutions alone—institutions, moreover, which have never been remarkable either for educational foresight or educational broad-mindedness.

Only a miracle could have preserved a scheme so conceived and so executed from fatal errors both of omission and commission; and, indeed, the glaring defects of the new charter are so obvious that they hardly need pointing out.

In the first place, the charter is, as might have been expected, practically a proposal to erect into a university the two colleges, King's College and University College, together with the Medical Schools (and here it may be noted that the medical side of the scheme is not at present under discussion). They are thus enabled to confer degrees on their own students, in the hope, no doubt, that a few more may be attracted to the too scantily attended class-rooms at Gower Street and the Strand. No other educational authority or institution throughout the metropolis, with the sole exception of the Inns of Court (if they so please), has part or lot in the scheme as it now stands, save at the pleasure of the two colleges. For, of the Council of thirty-two persons—omitting for the present the nominees of the Medical Schools, who will primarily concern themselves with medical questions—the two colleges practically nominate eighteen, *i.e.*, more than half. They have thus succeeded not only in drawing up the charter on their own lines, but also in gaining so complete a control of the Council that no change or alteration in the arrangements or policy of the university to which they are opposed can be introduced; and they are consequently enabled to stereotype for generations their own narrow educational ideas. But, not content with this, they have expressly laid it down that a college to be qualified for admission must be equipped with buildings to the satisfaction of the Council. This proviso is evidently intended to exclude, or to handicap, competitors, and so to force all candidates for the degrees of the new university to enter either at Gower Street or the Strand. This, besides its manifest unfairness, strikes at once at the root of the chief contention of those who are not afraid to believe in the development of the higher education of London. They urge, again and again, that though London contains very few institutions in themselves of status throughout sufficient for university privileges, it yet contains numerous atoms, so to say, of the higher teaching which, when fused together in the comprehensive and statesmanlike manner suggested by the Royal Commissioners, would soon make up a total of educational excellence fully worthy a real university of London. It is hardly necessary to suggest instances. There are certainly students in the University Extension Centres, as Professor Herford has recently testified, in Bedford College, in the City of London College, in the Regent Street Polytechnic, and many others—to say nothing of the South Kensington Science Colleges—whose work, if thus controlled, would do the highest honour to any university. It is because the present charter, while professing to include, in reality so pitilessly excludes them all, that those who are the most really in earnest as to the higher educational development of London are the loudest in its condemnation.

No space is left to do more than point out a flaw which to some will be the most fatal of all. It is carefully provided that no religious tests are to be "imposed or adopted" by the university. But there is no such provision in the case of the colleges. Now King's College is a definitely Church of England establishment. The professors of King's College, who must before election declare themselves members of the Church of England, are *ipso facto* professors of the university, and will form a large portion of the Assemblies of the Faculties, and

consequently of the Council of the University. The new university, therefore, will find itself, in spite of the clause to the contrary, with about one-half of its teaching staff, and a proportion of its Council, trammelled by ecclesiastical restrictions which the older universities have outgrown, and which it might have been thought no one in our own day would have ventured to revive. University College, moreover, is precluded by the terms of its charter from teaching theology. It is therefore plain that King's College—which was too narrow to endure the late Frederic Denison Maurice—hopes, by this provision, to secure for itself the monopoly of theological teaching and theological degrees in London, a result which all friends of theological freedom and religious equality will resist to the uttermost.

To sum up. The charter has been framed with a view to individual rather than to general interests. It has been sanctioned without that free and full discussion which alone can give it any weight or authority. It confers on certain institutions an unfair preponderance, to the undue exclusion of the other educational forces of London, and it perpetuates sectarian restrictions quite opposed to the spirit of the age.

If this is the character of the new university, it is clearly the duty of all educationalists, of all citizens of London, to defeat, even at the eleventh hour, its formal accomplishment, or at least to insist on the amendment of these faults. The educational institutions excluded should at once decide on united action. The Members of Parliament for London should at once take measures in the same direction. The Lord Mayor of London should call a public meeting of the citizens of London to protest against this misuse in their name of a great educational opportunity. All this may well be done, but it must be done quickly. Then even the Privy Council will have to yield to such an expression of public opinion, and it will be compelled either to cancel or to correct the faults and the deficiencies which make "the new Strand and Gower Street University" unworthy of the citizens of London.

J. Spencer Hill.

ÉMILE DE LAVELÉYE.

In Émile de Laveleye, who has fallen a victim to the influenza scourge, Europe loses one of her rare international men. He was not a statesman: there are no European statesmen. A statesman is necessarily attached to the position and aims of the country he serves; his responsibilities are local; he is bounded by his patriotism; and, unhappily, there is no such thing as European patriotism. But we have, now and then, a man of statesman's rank who, fortunately removed by temperament and circumstances from the strife of parties and of nations, is able to sit at the centre of things and calmly watch, record, forecast, and counsel, in the general movement of society which governs politics and transcends the scope of the makers of wars and tariffs.

M. de Laveleye was one of these. In the neutral peace of Belgium he was able to work at the politics of mankind, of which he became a recognised leader. To the affairs of his own country, indeed, he made no small contribution. His studies of its agricultural system did much to arouse the attention of modern economists to the *petite culture*. He was the foremost representative of Belgian Liberalism, though outside the Chambers and the active work of the politicians. For more than five-and-twenty years he adorned the University of Liége, teaching in their modern and humane form those economic doctrines which constitute the scientific side of politics. Only last autumn he would have been elected rector of that university, if the jealousy of the Catholic party had permitted so distinguished a Protestant to hold the position. But these national affairs did not absorb him. Indeed, they often depressed him. The present trend of Belgian politics is not a cheerful subject to a Liberal; and especially he deplored the control of the schools by the priests. But though a Liberal and an anti-Clerical, he was a Liberal of an English type, and his religious nature forbade him to sympathise with the prevailing materialistic creed of most Continental Radicals. Born a Catholic, he broke at an early age with the dogma, no doubt, but still more with the political and social system, of the Roman Church; and he wrote a pamphlet to show the value of the Protestant civilisation. But his mind was of a deeply religious cast; and though it might have been difficult to bind him down to defined Christian doctrine, he avowedly based his social and political creed upon the justice and brotherhood which he found in the teaching and kingdom of Christ.

It was in the same spirit that M. de Laveleye took a profound interest in moral questions. He was for many years President of the Federation formed by Mrs. Josephine Butler for reforming the laws dealing with vice. It shocked his mind that Governments should temporise with what he considered anti-social evil; and, from the side of justice as well as of temperance, he argued this question year after year in eloquent speeches, the last of which was made at Brussels last October.

Universal politics resolve themselves into two main departments—the social questions and the maintenance of peace—and in both M. de Laveleye took a very important part. He was an eminent advocate of peace and arbitration. But to the social questions he, as an economist, directed his main strength. He was not a Socialist in the sense in which the word is generally understood on the Continent. But he was very much such a Socialist as we are all said to be in England: that is, he believed that society was prepared for a large development of the action of the State for the relief of the classes who are ground down by the pressure of monopoly and competition. In this view he was one of the pioneers of Socialism. His researches into the primitive tenure of property are classical. He surveyed in a widely-read book the field of contemporary Socialism; and in a recent paper on Communism he thus summed up his opinions: "Property will not perish, but there will be gradual modifications in the manner in which it is held. It will become more and more a personal and less and less a hereditary right." "Property is becoming more accessible: it is therefore probable that a time will come when all will share in it, as it is essential to a real share of freedom and the true development of individuality that all should accomplish. It is also becoming more and more a reward of labour: we may therefore reasonably believe that by-and-by that maxim which is at once both the absolute negation of Communism and the most sacred justice will receive due legislative recognition: To each the produce and nothing but the produce of his labour."

M. de Laveleye's latest work was an elaborate review in two volumes of the nature and prospects of Democratic Government, in which he discussed the current problems of representative systems. We cannot do more than mention this book; but it may be said generally that, while a thorough Liberal, he held no extreme opinions, and was by no means satisfied with the working of Parliamentary institutions.

The chief characteristics of his works are great facility of expression, a lucid and orderly style both of thought and language—which did not, however, always secure scientific exactness—invincible fairness, and, perhaps above all, an immense range of information. This was not merely the store of his reading, but a treasure collected by extensive travel and personal investigation. His powers of observation were remarkable. Nothing was minute enough to escape the scrutiny of his searching curiosity. The actual working of a political system, the method of cultivating a field, the way to make a syrup, the history

of persons and families, the habits of an animal or a plant—everything was welcome to this affectionately inquisitive mind. And the universal quest was made easy by his wonderfully simple familiarity with all sorts of men and women. When he journeyed into foreign countries, he saw and conversed with everybody worth knowing: his friends and acquaintances lived all over the world, and his conversation and correspondence with the leading minds of the age were a main part of his busy life. In a moment he was on terms of friendly converse with an eminent statesman, with his landlady, with a common labourer on the roadside; of all he asked questions in an easy conversational way, and to all he would give out freely and gracefully the stores of his own knowledge. The marks of this wide information and something of his personal charm are to be seen in his published journals and letters from the Balkans and from Italy.

The modesty and sweetness of M. de Laveleye's character made him the best and most charming of friends. His home was a delightful place, full of varied interests and cheerful repose. He took great pleasure in music, gardening, building, carried his little dog inside the breast of his coat in cold weather, walked, rowed, enjoyed all civilised pursuits: an even, contented, dutiful, hopeful, faithful, courageous, loving man, whose moral qualities outshone even his great intellectual gifts—who saw the truth, believed it, and spoke it.

WAYFARERS.

AT Limerick Junction we first heard it, the indescribable wail, rising and falling, terrible as the "keen" for the dead, which means the farewell of the emigrants. We were quite out of the station at the end of a long train, and it was my travelling-companion told me what it meant. A country train laden with emigrants and their friends had come in, and they were parting here, the emigrants coming on with us to Queenstown. No wonder they wailed, one thought, looking away, and trying to forget it. The rain was over, and the Galtees had sailed royally out of the mist; Galtymore, that is the home of eagles, holding his head so high, that I remembered how an imaginative child once took him to be the throne of God. Below the tall peaks ran a rampart of dark blue—a frowning natural fortification behind which lies Aherlow, the fairest of glens, with woolly catkins on the willow boughs, and drifts of primroses among the uncurling ferns, and the mountains all around grey as glass, or red and brown like a pheasant's breast, or streaked along the surface with the blue and green of the peacock, or, again, towards evening flushed with roseate light, pulsing from one knew not where. O the dear country, so rich and ready to repay all care! How often they will think of it, when they are nipped to the heart with cold, or are dying of the heat as cruel! How they will long for this cool green, full of dew and scent, and this wind that comes across the mountains, bracing as an air for giants! They will see the cattle going home so gently along the young grass, and hear the Angelus-bell in their dreams, ringing so peaceful and holy from a distant belfry. But down at Queenstown there is the big ship for them, puffing like a grampus out near the forts; and as they sail away between those gates out into the world, they will leave behind them more than the unforgettable country they will never see again.

As the train steamed off, my travelling-companion leisurely opened a violin-case beside her, and began touching the strings. She was a little woman, young and pretty—married, I discovered from the good-looking fellow who had seen her off at Dublin—the brownest of brunettes, with two rows of little white teeth, and the brownest eyes I have ever seen in a human face. She talked delicious Cork, with a soft wail. She was dressed very prettily in artistic colours that brought out her dear brownness. Her music and her books made us conversation, and I found that though she hailed from the Ultima Thule to which she was returning, she was very much of the best part of the world and its ways, thoroughly up to the last new thing in books and pictures and music. I congratulated myself on such a companion in my third-class carriage, for in Ireland people of very small pretensions indeed disdain to travel third-class, and it is usually left to the roughs.

At the first station we stopped at there was a sound of argument in the first-class carriages close by. Then our carriage door was opened, and a couple of men were unceremoniously pushed in, their bundles thrust after them, and the train started on its way. One was a middle-aged man, grey for lack of good living, but the face redeemed from grimness by the most innocent blue eyes, wide open, candid, blue as a child's eyes. He stumbled over our feet almost sobbing with excitement, clutching to his breast something wrapped in many folds of paper. He was followed by a tall, gawky young fellow, his son evidently, from the likeness between them. The young fellow was ruddier but had the same slow seriousness of look, something quiet and heavy and patient, as though they had had no occasion for joy and laughter. One could see them incessantly striving to wring a sustenance from stony rock and exhausted soil, incessantly face to face with the wet climate that, though it gives such beauty of cloud and mist, soddens the potatoes and rots the corn and turns the meadow to bitter rank grass.

Both were greatly disturbed. The boy's blue eyes had even a dash of angry tears in them. Dropped into their seats, they talked for a while in Irish that sounded very fierce. One felt a curious lump in the throat for their hurt and anger, whatever it might be; it was as if one saw a child or an animal greatly aggrieved. I saw my little friend in the corner watching them with eyes like brown jewels. I think she knew their Irish, or some of it, for she was plainly more in the secret of what was going on than I. At last the excited talk ceased, and the two faces began to take again that look of grave patience which must have been theirs habitually.

Then I saw her lean over and put a dainty finger on the parcel on the elder man's knee.

"Have you no case for your fiddle?" she said, "Won't the damp get in and spoil it as it does mine?"

"Spoil her, me lady!" said the man, brightening all over his face, "is it spoil her? Och, then, she'd take a power of spoilin', that same fiddle. 'Tis she that knows the hard weather. She's a fine fiddle," he said, preparing to display "her"; "she'd put the joy in your heart and the spring in your heels at a weddin' or a pattern, but it's at home she's at her best, and many a night she's made Thady here and me forget our troubles."

The fiddle was carefully lifted out, and three interested heads bent over it, for Thady had joined the conclave. There was a string gone, and my friend volunteered one from her store. While she was arranging it, her soft talk and sympathy got at the trouble we had seen without understanding. As I watched her, the peasant's old fiddle on her knee, while she tuned and strung it, and resined the bow, the two men bent forward, gazing at her manipulation of it with almost incredulous pleasure. I said to her silently—

"Well, my dear, whoever you are, the fairies gave you the gift to make men happy. There may be prettier women and wittier women, but the men who love you will find other women unpleasing to come after you."

"An' so, me lady," the elder emigrant was saying, "me an' Thady, that never travelled a mile from Adeelish before, we just got into the grand cushioned

carriage as the train was goin'. An' thin we saw a lady, or a woman dressed grand, for she was no lady like you, me lady, sittin' in the corner starin' at us as if we were the dirt under her feet.

"'Do ye know,' she says, with the sparks flashin' from her eyes, 'that ye're in the first class?'

"Well, me lady, me and Thady didn't want to inthrude, and we were about to spake her fair when she burst out—

"'An' I'll have yez removed by the guard at the very next station, yerselves an' your dirty baggage.'

"Well, me lady, I could have answered her bitther enough, but me heart was too heavy for it, and sure it's a short world to be fightin' in, so I said nothing; only Thady, that's young an' fiery, he says, 'It's no baggage, it's luggage.'

"'Baggage it is,' says she, 'an' out you and it shall go.'

"Well, I just kept the boy quiet—for what's the use of arguin' with a beggar a-horseback like that?—and so we said nothing, while she looked out of the window sniffin', as if the sight of us would make her sick. An' so when we came to Emly, we were just putting together our bits of things to get out, when she runs to the window an' calls 'Porter!' in a great flurry, an' complains of me an' the boy travellin' first-class.

"The porter just spoke her civil, though I saw him winkin' at another porter, an' so we got out; but before I could reach back for the darlin' fiddle, she comes and pitches it out on the window, an' when it fell I thought it was flesh and blood. The boy here was for pullin' out her own fine portmanty, an' as for me all the blood was in me head, but, glory be to God! the porters pulled us away an' there was no harm done. An' *she*'s no worse for the fall ayther, for she was well swathed around. An' sure it was great good luck, after all, that put us in with such a kind lady as yourself."

My little friend was as much excited over the story as the actors in it. The way she entered into their pathetic indignation at their bundles being called "baggage," which they evidently took to be a term of contempt, was wonderful. Her eyes flashed, and a bit of scarlet came in her brown cheeks as she denounced the fastidious first-class passenger almost with tears of anger. When the commotion was all over, she asked to hear "her," and first the father and afterwards the son performed on the poor instrument, jigs, reels, planxtys, giving way slowly to mournful Irish lamentations. After they had gone through their repertoire, Brown Eyes produced her fine fiddle, and, in accordance with delicately urged entreaties, began to play. It was a fine instrument, and a fine hand upon it, and the music at first was from the great masters; then, having dazzled her audience a little, she began to play Irish airs—"The Coolun" and "The Blackbird" and others—while the tears rolled down the faces of the two emigrants.

We were nearly at Cork when the musician came out of her dream. If I ever saw adoration on the faces of human beings, it was on those simple faces. They will talk of her for years and years, I am sure. She was consistently gracious, and after they had thanked her and she them, with the prettiest of Irish compliments on each side, they were preparing to put the treasure in its wrappings when the little lady said, "Oh, but your fiddle would be destroyed by the sea-air, and you could never play on her again in America, you know. Now, I'll get a case in Cork, and you'll make me happy if you'll accept this old case." And so "she" was put to sleep in a velvet-lined case such as she had never dreamt of in all her hardworking life.

After we had gone through the long tunnel and emerged in gay sunlight at Cork, she stood up to leave us. She bowed to me with pretty courtesy, but to the emigrants she held out her little hands. The two big fellows dropped down and kissed them as if she were a saint. "God bless an' keep you," said the father; "we'll think of you in America when we play the fiddle. 'Tis you God made for a lady, an' to be the light of someone's eyes; and the man that loves you, you'll keep his love while fire burns an' water runs."

There was a flash of answering tears in her eyes, and she was gone down the platform, her velvet hat pulled forward a little, and daintily graceful in her hooded brown velvet cloak. She passed the first-class passenger, whom I recognised by the emigrants' sullen references, though, indeed, she "jumped to the eye" by her vulgarity. A couple of apple-women pointed delightedly at this arrogant dame, and one spat out expressively. My poor emigrants dropped into gloom after their benefactress left them, and they looked grey and sad enough, despite the new fiddle-case, by the time we reached Queenstown, where the big liner was steaming heavily nearer the quay.

K. T.

A POSTMAN-POET.

IN *Longman's Magazine*, this month, Mr. Andrew Lang—always alert to say a kindly word in season—has spoken of a dramatic poem called "Phaon and Sappho." Its author is a Mr. James Hosken, a young Cornishman of about thirty years of age, whose case is worth considering if only as a type for which society has failed rather ludicrously to provide. At present it employs Mr. Hosken as an auxiliary postman and pays him nine shillings a week, on which income he supports a wife and two children. Notoriously there is no better stimulant of the poetic faculty than to walk alone on a country road. "Give me," says Hazlitt in his famous essay, "a clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! . . . Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull commonplaces, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence." And no doubt we have here the reason why so many country postmen have "relished versing." That Mr. Hosken has composed some eight or nine dramas and a box-full of minor poems is not wonderful, perhaps: but there is certainly some cause to marvel at the quality of the stuff. Here is a sample, from the only volume he has published:—

DESTINY.

"Where heaven, bright flashing through the deeps
Of this enduring universe,
Gleams brilliant with its massy steeps,
There sits a power to man averse,
Which ever hurls him to and fro
Bound with its chains where'er he go.
. . . . . .
Fell power! at war for aye with man,
Why hauntest thou his game of chance?
—Himself a strange imperfect plan,
His life a bauble. Cast thy glance
And shake thy awful brow again,
Thou canst not add another pain."

Mr. Hosken has some right to owe Destiny a grudge. Hazlitt desired "a three hours' march to dinner," but we take it that he assumed the dinner at the end of his walk to be a certainty and liked it to be sufficing. But on nine shillings a week it can hardly be both. And the smallness of his earnings is none of Mr. Hosken's fault. Himself the son of an artisan, he was bound apprentice as a boy to a saddler in Helston, and was in a fair way to earn a decent wage when his health broke down and obliged him to live a great part of his time in the open air. He is filled with modesty and has borne a high character all the way through. Destiny is to blame and there is no more to be said.

Let it be understood that we are not writing of this young man as of a commanding genius. People very wisely judge all literary work on its own merits and waste no sentiment upon the mute inglorious Miltons. To take Milton's own case,

"Paradise Lost" is not by a pennyweight more estimable because its author was blind. The poem itself and the difficulties of its composition are judged in separate courts, criticism presiding over the one and Dr. Smiles over the other. And so Mr. Hosken, handicapped by circumstance, can only score up another grudge against Destiny and take his chance with luckier men. To be frank, though "Phaon and Sappho" is an astonishing performance, there is nothing in it to menace established reputations: but there is plenty in it to arouse interest and make us eager to see more of this country postman's work. We confess that we are curious to hear something of those eight or nine unpublished dramas and of that box-full of minor verse.

And there is plenty to arouse our wonder that society is in no better position than to offer Mr. Hosken nine shillings a week. Here is a man who has received the smallest "education," and has been depressed by fortune from the day of his birth. Yet —Heaven knows how—he has found out what is most beautiful in literature and without guidance has chosen to admire and ensue it. Any chance page of "Phaon and Sappho" will show that he is soaked in classical feeling; and that he has educated himself with Shakespeare will be clear enough to anybody who glances at the few poems appended to his drama. Take this opening of a sonnet:—

> "O! that this calculating soul would cease
> To forecast accidents, time's limping errors,
> And take the present with the present's peace
> Instead of filling life's poor day with terrors. . . ."

or (with all its faults) this, addressed "To his Lady":—

> "The lonely thoughts that issue from my mind
> Fill this small room with shadows of the world,
> Where the unstable state of all mankind
> Before reflection's eye is strangely hurled.
> O! foolish man to reckon on a joy,
> Thy trust is founded on uncertainty,
> Our hopes do make us fools, a cherished toy
> Show us but children still—yet but for thee
> This life were valueless. Thou art a gem
> Set on the wrinkled forehead of wide death,
> Whose glad diffusive splendour doth condemn
> All thought that undervalues human breath.
> Indebted unto fortune least of all,
> Yet having Thee, still rich, though fortune's thrall."

The middle of this sonnet is certainly weak; yet not so certainly as the end is rich, the arrangement admirable, and the lines from "Thou art a gem . . ." full of felicity. It strikes us as worth more than nine shillings a week. At any rate we think there must be many who are ready to try a humble experiment and help Mr. Hosken to give another volume of his verse to the world.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE all know Dr. Johnson's answer to the question how he felt after the failure of his tragedy: "Like the Monument." There is something Johnsonian in M. Ferdinand Brunetière; the same vigour, directness, hatred of affectations, perhaps the same mental hardness; and he, too, is like the Monument in his firm attitude towards his old enemies the Naturalists. To a new edition of "Le Roman Naturaliste" (Paris: Calmann Lévy) he adds several new papers—one on the tag-rag and bobtail, another on the "break-up," of naturalism; a third on M. Daudet; and a fourth on the short stories of M. Guy de Maupassant. They are all stimulating, full of matter, of a certain donnish disdain, of intellectual inflexibility; are all, in short, eminently characteristic of the man. Byron liked something he "could break his mind upon." He would have liked (though the liking would not, one fears, have been reciprocated) M. Ferdinand Brunetière. Even the younger critics of to-day, who have taken to drifting and floating, to cultivating a mere passive receptivity to impressions, must feel a little abashed by this attitude of Monumental rigidity.

As for the Philistines, they should be his very humble servants to command, for, hard as nails to the rest of the world, he has a fatherly indulgence for them. He asserts roundly that they have a right to exist. He champions their cause against the literary "mandarins." It was not he who first said that

> "On peut être honnête homme et faire mal les vers,"

but he takes good care we shall not forget it. In Paris the reminder is needed, doubtless, more than it is here. No exclusive mandarinate of letters has yet been formed among us English, though perhaps here and there a one, asking "What in the name of the Bodleian the general public has to do with literature?" is qualified for the button. The fact is, Bottles will not hear of it. Anti-Philistine Crusaders perish, but Bottles lives a prosperous gentleman. In France, on the other hand, he is, if the Americanism may pass, considerably sat upon. He needs a Brunetière to champion him, for since Flaubert set the fashion every naturalist who respects himself, not to mention the others, has had his cock-shy at the *bourgeois*. Hear, for instance, M. Karl Huysmans:—"Des Esseintes flairait une sottise si invéterée, un tel mépris pour la littérature, pour l'art, implantés, ancrés dans ces cerveaux étroits de négociants, exclusivement préoccupés d'argent et seulement accessible à cette basse distraction des esprits médiocres, la politique, qu'il rentrait en rage chez lui et se verrouillait avec ses livres." M. Brunetière's revenge on M. Huysmans is, like that of Mr. Gilbert's Pirate King, swift and terrible. He shows, giving chapter and verse, that the novelist's trick of style and even his situations are those of the *vaudeville*, *i.e.*, of the art-form specially invented for the "cerveaux étroits de négociants"; shows, in fact, that M. Huysmans is a pretentious and (to use a contradiction in terms) dull Labiche. All such demonstrations as this are reducible, if you like, to the primeval formula "You're another"; but, nevertheless, they are enough, they will serve. Bottles owes a heavy debt of gratitude to M. Brunetière.

And, curiously enough, though quite logically, it is his tenderness for Bottles which induces M. Brunetière somewhat to mitigate his austerity in dealing with—alas! that one should have to say it this week—poor M. Guy de Maupassant. Logically; for though M. de Maupassant has trampled fiercely enough on many things which the Philistine holds most dear—respectability, money-grubbing, the domestic hearth—he has always remembered that books are primarily sold to be read, that language is meant to be understood, by the plain man. "From the time he commenced authorship, he perceived that if a man speaks, it is in order to be heard; that the language of the true writer need not, because it is his own, cease to be that of everyone else; and that if there is anyone to whom the search for the rare, the precious, the surprising in style is forbidden, it is to the man who writes novels of any kind, since they are written for the crowd, and more particularly to the man who affects to write novels of the naturalistic kind." This, indeed, is only to repeat what M. de Maupassant has himself said in that preface to "Pierre et Jean" which seems likely to rank in the same set with the prefaces to "Cromwell" and "Mademoiselle de Maupin," as a famous literary manifesto. "It is more difficult to manipulate a sentence at will, to make it say everything, even what it refrains from saying, to fill it with sub-indications and latent intentions . . . than to invent new phrases, or to rake up from the depths of old unknown books a heap of expressions which have lost all use and meaning." This is well said and truly, but it is probable that enthusiasm for the truth was not M. de Maupassant's sole motive for saying it. One is reminded—if another reference to Boswell may be forgiven—of the statement explaining a certain line in Pope: "Sir, he wished to vex somebody." The suspicion that M. de Maupassant wished to vex M. de Goncourt is hard to be resisted. And as to

M. Brunetière's desire to vex that apostle of "l'écriture artiste," suspicion becomes certainty. M. Brunetière frankly detests M. de Goncourt and all his works. This is what he says of the man who flatters himself that he invented the naturalistic novel:—"M. de Goncourt represents what is, perhaps, the very opposite of naturalism—namely, the art of industriously manufacturing curios in which laborious inability to imitate and reproduce the real torments, so to speak, and twists itself, and ultimately works out into a number of inventions, always quaint, sometimes ingenious, but natural never." And, in order to be the more disagreeable to M. de Goncourt, M. Brunetière goes out of his way to be agreeable to M. de Maupassant. Such are the pleasing comediettas of criticism

Indirectly and, of course, this time quite without intention, M. Brunetière contrives to be disagreeable to a very different novelist, to wit Mr. Quiller-Couch, by adding the weight of his authority to an irresponsible statement about realism recently advanced, with Mr. Couch's complete disapproval, in THE SPEAKER: that "realism deals with the average, the normal, with what happened to me yesterday and will happen to you next week." "M. de Maupassant is a naturalist" (and by naturalist, M. Brunetière means not a bird-stuffer but a realist), "because he has avoided extraordinary adventures. . . . . People who are like all the rest of us, like you or me, these are the heroes of M. de Maupassant's novels: a country gentleman, a sportsman, an angler, a civil servant, a Norman peasant." Bravo! and yet again Bravo!—even though one feels that M. Brunetière's modesty has betrayed him into one conspicuously false illustration. He is not in the least like an ordinary person, and not in the least like any hero of M. de Maupassant's. Only himself can be his parallel.

By crossing the Channel, some people may suffer more than a sea-change. Not so long ago the literary world knew, and was glad to know, Miss Mary Robinson, a writer of modern English verse: now it has to renew its acquaintance with the same lady —the same and not the same—as Mme. James Darmesteter, a writer of antique French prose, and again to know is to admire. This versatile author's "Marguerites du Temps Passé" (Paris: Armand Colin) is an extraordinary *tour de force*: nothing less than a successful attempt to revive the mediæval *conte*, with all its blandness, its freshness, its simplicity retained, and all its grossness rejected. Monstrous as the judgment may appear to Mr. Pater and Mr. Lang, we think that one or two of the stories in this volume—"Alipz," say, and "La vraie ystoire de Blanche-Rose"—are not unworthy pendants to the much-vaunted and too-much-mistranslated "Aucassin et Nicolette." It would be impertinent, perhaps, for any mere English person to offer an opinion about the correctness of the lady's old French; but M. Emile Faguet says she has a marvellous command of this idiom, and M. Faguet ought to know. Take the page which tells of Blanche-Rose and of Sybille, who loved that verray parfit, but not gentle, knight to her hurt.

> S'y montèrent tous ensemble, sans grand espoir de rien trouver, pour ce que la tour était vieille et moitié en ruines. Et était fort haute. Lors entraient enfin dans une salle ronde toute nue, sauf au milieu un peu de paille et de pezet recouvert de feuilles de roses plus qu'ils n'en avaient jamais vu ensemble. Et là dessus dormaient Sybille et Blanche-Rose, accoutrés de toutes couleurs et parés comme pour un grand et excellent triomphe. Et, pour la fraîcheur de la nuit, la belle avait mis ses longs cheveux, comme un manteau, sur l'épaule de son amant. Or, un peu plus loin, dans la fenêtre, se tint un grand paon, mi-endormi, et quand vit les seigneurs qui entraient se mit à crier merveilleusement rauque et dur. . . . Nonobstant les dits seigneurs prirent leurs épées et frappèrent sur le pavé par trois fois avec un singulier bruit et fracas de ferraille.

The book gives one the same sort of impression as the "Primavera" of Botticelli or a coloured sun-bath filtered through the "storied panes" of Saint Ouen. And one need not be a Bunthorne to find that sort of impression exquisitely pleasant.

THE DRAMA.

"KING HENRY THE EIGHTH."

IF it be indeed the function of criticism to see the thing as it really is, one had better at the outset dismiss from our minds all question about the authorship of *King Henry the Eighth*, all recollection of its stage-history, all meditation over its overt or latent moral. To go to the Lyceum intent upon an arithmetical calculation of the extra syllables in Wolsey's farewell speech or upon a comparison of Miss Terry's "business" in the Trial scene with Mrs. Siddons or upon the lesson, which the play may or may not convey, of the vanity of human greatness in the spectacle of Buckingham's and Katharine's and Wolsey's downfall is to miss the significance of the event, is to fail to see the thing as it really is. That significance, as I at least see it, resides in the testimony which this triumphant revival affords of the eternal power of pageantry. Without a debauch now and again of gorgeous spectacle the human spirit languishes. Here in England, with our churlish climate and Puritanic public bodies which "drive at practice" but not at processions, it would starve outright—had we not the Lyceum. There and there alone—for elsewhere these things are less "graced with elegancy" than "daubed with cost"—we escape for a moment out of a life drab and wan into a dream of glowing colour, rhythmic parade and joyous bustle, and revel unashamed in the lust of the eye and the pride of life. The Lyceum, I do not gainsay it, may offer, often has offered, intellectual refreshment; but that is among its *parerga*. Its real virtue, its supreme virtue in all its Shakesperean revivals, well-nigh its sole virtue in this revival of *King Henry the Eighth*, is to take our senses captive. There are who say this is not a virtue. They say? Let them say. But the multitude of sane men and women, who have preserved the child's healthy love of the picture-book, will be otherwise minded:—

> "For multitudes there are whose judgment goes
> Headlong according to the actors' clothes."

Our judgment goes headlong at the Lyceum.

The actors' clothes here might tempt Herr Teufelsdröckh to bring out an enlarged edition of his Philosophy. With furs galore and eke brocades and lace which I almost suspect to have been plundered from Spanish altars, Mr. Seymour Lucas and Mrs. Comyns Carr have shown us what Holbein's pictures were like in their first freshness. For her first entry, Queen Katharine is gowned in black and silver and fur. For the Trial scene, she is in a colour which the University statutes call "subfusc," bottle-green—and fur. On her sick-bed she is clad in white samite, mystic, wonderful—and fur. The robe of Wolsey's "scarlet sin" is veiled in lace. Item: a lace frock for Campeius. Item: a hat of ostrich plumes for the King. Several looms must have been employed in weaving the silk garments for his Majesty alone. "As for rich embroidery, it is lost and not discerned," says Bacon in his essay on "Masques and Triumphs." But that was before the days of footlights. At the Lyceum there is not a sumptuary part which does not contribute to the splendour of the whole.

After the clothes the scenery. Mr. Hawes Craven and Mr. W. Telbin and Mr. T. Harker have engineered "sets" as solid as the Pyramids. *Suum cuique*. Mr. Craven's chief monument is the "Hall in York Place," where the Cardinal feasts his friends and Henry first wooes Anne Bullen. Peacocks and boars' heads are borne in by the servitors. Lord Sands kisses Anne *coram publico*, and the Cardinal drinks to his guests amid the rather disconcerting reports of such "chambers" as burnt down the Globe Theatre at that performance of the play in 1513 of which you have heard. The masquers enter, headed by a troop of drum-and-fife boys, perform a graceful morris-dance, and are followed by a grotesque anti-masque of torch-bearers. "Let the suits of the masquers," says Bacon again, "be graceful and

such as become the person when the visors are off." The Lyceum suits are of canary yellow, decked with flowers, the visors of bullion. The gorgeous colouring of this scene is the pictorial triumph of the revival. It beggars description—but not Mr. Craven's fund of scenic imagination. He can still invent for us a "Church of the Grey Friars," with the sunbeams pouring through its stained glass on the final scene of the play, the christening of the infant Princess Elizabeth. And, even now, I have not mentioned Mr. Craven's pretty picture of "The King's Stairs, Westminster," where the unfortunate Buckingham gives his valedictory address to the crowd on his way to the block.

For "The Palace at Bridewell," within whose walls Wolsey bids farewell, a long farewell, to all his greatness, Mr. Harker appears to have sought his inspiration in the slender columns and palm-like decoration of the staircase leading to the hall of Wolsey's own college in Oxford—a happy thought, happily carried out. Happier even than this is Mr. Telbin's "Street at Westminster," through which Anne Bullen's wedding procession passes. The tall houses seem almost to jut over the footlights, so that even the onlooker in the stalls finds it difficult to resist the impression that he is wedged with the crowd in that narrow street. Thus may you snatch the fearful joy of a Lord Mayor's Show-day while sitting at your ease.

So much for the spectacle: now for the play and the players. *King Henry the Eighth* contains, of course, three leading "subjects." Or rather, its leading subject, pageantry, is relieved by three episodes: the successive downfalls of Buckingham, Katherine, and Wolsey. It will be convenient to take these episodic themes in order. We have the scene of Buckingham's meeting with Wolsey, of his subsequent arrest, of the Council at which Katherine pleads for him in vain, and of his final departure to execution. To my sense, unorthodox as it may be, Buckingham's is the best acting part in the play. It is the most human, the most urbane, the most dignified, the most pathetic. Mr. Forbes Robertson plays a worthy part worthily: with perfect sincerity and grace. At the end of the evening, it is for him the pit and gallery most loudly call: a significant and, I think, a just criticism.

The Katherine *motif*, in the language of the musical score, is first played *mezzo-forte* in the trial-scene. Miss Ellen Terry passes lightly over the passage, "Lord Cardinal—to *you* I speak," whereas it was here that Mrs. Siddons—but no; I must remember my promise not to trouble my head, or yours, about Mrs. Siddons. Suffice it to say that it is the tender woman rather than the haughty queen that Miss Terry gives us; and rightly, for gentle womanhood is her natural histrionic endowment. She was a gentle Lady Macbeth—which was a contradiction in terms. She is a gentle Katherine—which is a right reading of the text. Her reproof addressed to Griffith, as she makes her exit, declaring she will never again her "appearance make in any of their courts," is more petulant than awe-inspiring. Now, Mrs. Sid—— Oh! I beg your pardon!

We then have a *decrescendo* to *piano* in the scene of the Queen's retirement among her women (with a charming arrangement of "Orpheus with his lute" as a trio by Mr. Edward German, the composer of all the incidental music for the piece), and finally to *pianissimo* in the death-bed scene. Here occurs the orthodox Vision of Angels, which, with its suggestion of paper wings and "goody-goody" valentines, is perhaps the sole pictorial flaw in the whole revival. It is better to make a clean breast of it—I tried hard to be affected by the pathos of the dying Katherine, but without success. I will try again—on the Fourteenth of February.

As for the Wolsey episode—episode it is, and practically a single scene—it was spoiled for me by—doubtless perverse—reminiscences of that former "scarlet sin," Mr. Irving's Mephistopheles. The real Wolsey (a short, corpulent man, like Friar Tuck) must have been genial in his hours of ease; Shakespeare's Wolsey is genial in the banquet scene. Mr. Irving is never genial; he is as saturnine at the banquet as Mephistopheles at the Kermesse. Here and there, too, one noted, with distress, a certain tendency in the actor to resume his old tricks of mispronunciation. He delivered the "farewell" speech, seated, head on hand, with more deliberation than force. How should the speech be delivered? Frankly, as Sir Peter Lund, M.D., says at the Garrick, "I don't know." It would be flippant to add that I don't care; but I have a suspicion that no actor nowadays could deeply impress anyone by this piece of artificial rhetoric, which sounds like a passage from some Manual of Elocution. The exit, after the scene with Cromwell, was more affecting.

For the rest, Mr. Terriss's King Henry is (pardon an untranslatable Teutonism) a fine piece of *plastik*, if little else. Either the author didn't know his own mind about this part or (a more likely thing, all circumstances considered) was careful to conceal it. An animated Holbein, able to ejaculate "Ha!" when squeezed, is not a character. From the crowd of subalterns, the spirited Surrey of Mr. Clarence Hague, Mr. Howe's Griffith, and Mr. Arthur Stirling's Cranmer must be singled out for commendation. Miss Violet Vanbrugh makes a pretty Anne Bullen.

A. B. W.

THE SCOTLAND OF TWO NOVELISTS.

THE cordial reception given on both sides of the Tweed to "The Little Minister," in spite of its "improbability," has amply demonstrated—if there was any need for such demonstration—that its author is at once a humorist and a fictionist *sui generis*. The dialect of Thrums, the Scotch of Tammas Whamond, may still be an obstacle to the complete conquest by Mr. Barrie of Mr. Mudie's constituency; but Babbie is as real, as perverse, as full of bizarre reality, and, therefore, as intelligible, at least to Mr. Hardy's admirers, as Bathsheba Everdene herself. Gavin Dishart too, although he thinks in Scotch, invariably speaks in English, and his moral evolution can be followed as easily as that of Robert Elsmere, whom—if he had had the chance—he would have deposed as ruthlessly as Lang Tammas would have deposed himself. A considerable portion of "The Little Minister"—though not so much as of "Auld Licht Idylls" and "A Window in Thrums"—can only be understood on this side of the Tweed with the aid of a glossary. But the same thing may be said of the half—and of the best half—of Burns. At the same time, Mr. Barrie and the remarkable success which he has attained are of specially Scotch, as well as of general and literary, significance. He is as much a product of the North as Carlyle himself. Carlyle is Secederism—that Secederism which he said was in his time equivalent to earnestness—projected into history; Mr. Barrie is Secederism projected into fiction. Both are humorists, and the humours of both, although totally different in character, are directly traceable to their early upbringings. Carlyle was a Seceder with the bottom of his theological creed knocked out, but with his Seceder morality and piety both left intact. Mr. Barrie is an Auld Licht endowed with a humour which enables him to look at Auld Lichtism from the Other Side. Carlyle, though his conscience would not permit him to become a minister of any Presbyterian Church, never allowed himself—even when he was in the Rabelaisian vein—to ridicule the faith of his mother. He had even a contempt, which was neither quite justifiable nor quite intelligible, for Scotch Mauricianism, Broad Churchism, or whatever that revolt from hard-and-fast Calvinism may be styled, which is identified with the name of the late Dr. Robert Lee rather than with that of any other clergyman. Hence it is that, although Carlyle's writings have had a greater influence than the teachings of any other man in

causing thoughtful young Scotsmen to pause before entering any of the churches of his country, he is always regarded by the supporters of orthodoxy—at all events, in morality—as being one of themselves. Similarly—although, of course, *longissimo intervallo*—Mr. Barrie seems, in his "Auld Licht Idylls," in his "Window in Thrums," and in his "Little Minister," to be perpetually insisting, not only that genuine nobility of character may coexist with a belief in dogmatic theology, but that such nobility must be based on such theology. The atheist Cruikshank, who, on the occasion of Gavin Dishart's final triumph over himself, his narrow morality, his congregation, and Death itself, concedes that it is only the fool that has said in his heart there is no God, seems to demonstrate that in theology Mr. Barrie is quite as conservative as was Christopher North before him.

Unless this, the fundamental idea of Mr. Barrie's stories and sketches, is clearly understood, the Scotland he pictures will be seen nothing more than a collection of caricatures—and of blurred caricatures. It is a moribund Scotland that appears in his pages; these Auld Lichts, with their poverty—a poverty of ideas as well as of money—their self-righteousness, their piety, which at once elevates them above their poverty, and is an offset to their self-righteousness, are disappearing, if they have not already disappeared, even from Thrums. Yet that something like this was the ideal Scotland of the Covenanters and of Andrew Melville, who, and not John Knox, was the founder of Covenanterism, is very clearly demonstrated by the many and curious volumes giving us an insight into the oligarchic management of parishes by Kirk Sessions, that have recently been published, and of which "Old Church Life in Scotland," based on the Kirk Session records of Burns's Mauchline, may be considered as typical. It was a theocracy that was aimed at by the Covenanters, a society based on the Bible, and still more on the Confession of Faith, and on the theories of public and private life which have all the binding force either of Divine revelation, or of clearly reasoned-out theological dogmas. This attempt has failed, as all attempts to stereotype human life have failed. But there attaches to it that dignity which always comes of an earnestness that is terrible even to the verge of grotesqueness. Auld Lichtism, looked at from the spiritual rather than the ecclesiastical point of view, is this attempt to theocratise Scotland on a very limited scale. It is calculated, on the whole, to provoke ridicule rather than reverence, and when one thinks of the petty and mainly acrid gossip of the little community over which Gavin Dishart presided and at which he preached, one is tempted to sigh with Coleridge, "Eheu! paupertina philosophia paupertinam in religionem ducit!" But here and there, as in the pathetic pride of Nanny Webster, and in the no less pathetic love of Hendry McQuhumpha for Jess, Auld Lichtism is touched to really fine issues. In the final scene of "The Little Minister" it passes into heroism. Gavin Dishart is of the stuff of which Scotch martyrs—a Wishart and a Hamilton, a Cameron and a Cargill—were made.

But there is another Scotland, even in present-day fiction, than Mr. Barrie's, and we are reminded of its existence by the publication of Mrs. Oliphant's "The Railway Man and his Children," which, for sheer skill in portraiture, merits being bracketed with "The Little Minister" and Mr. Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Glasgow, with its annexe of the magnificent Clyde scenery, dominates "The Railway Man," and Glasgow is at once the workshop and the paradise of the Scotsman of the *moyen sensuel* type. He is so intensely energetic and "practical" that he has no time—even if he had naturally the taste—for idealism, or for fanaticism, which is idealism with a twist. His notion of comfort is the best that the Glasgow shops can give him; his conception of leisured happiness is "a place" down the Clyde, looking out on the water, with a good lawn for the young folks, and a good billiard-room for himself, his sons-in-law, and his friends in business. He likes men about him that are fat and sleek-headed and that sleep o' nights, and among these he includes his minister. A model clergyman is in his eyes a "level-headed fellow," who preaches common-sense—and short—sermons, who knows a good dinner when he sees it, and who does not object to a rubber at whist and a little whisky and water, of an evening. If such a minister has an ear for music—or at least for musical effects—likes "a good choir, an organ and all that sort of thing," so much the better. He may rely with safety on the purse of his host. A minister of this kind is not such a *rara avis* in the Established Church as he is in the Scotch Presbyterian Dissenting bodies that are around and in competition with it. In the Establishment—perhaps because it is an Establishment—there is a greater tendency than elsewhere to accept and act on the doctrine of Schopenhauer's Demopheles that in religion "one must meet the requirements of the people according to the measure of their comprehension." Mr. Dean, of Rosmore, who figures in "The Railway Man," is a minister to a certain extent of this kind, more refined than the average, with higher aspirations, and perhaps some pronounced ecclesiastical ambitions. Most of Mrs. Oliphant's Scotch clergymen, indeed—certainly her best—belong to the order of Mr. Dean. They have vague tendencies towards Broad Churchism, are heartily desirous to compete with Anglicanism in the field of ritual, and do not look forward with eagerness, or even contemplate with equanimity, a reunion of Presbyterianism in Scotland. Mrs. Oliphant's Scotland is quite as real as Mr. Barrie's, and in these days much more densely populated. But it has not the same possibilities of self-sacrifice and heroism. Mrs. Oliphant can write in almost any style. But she could not have written the "Little Minister."

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

LI.—In Chancery Lane.

It calls itself only a lane. If it has to serve as the principal thoroughfare between the north and south of London, Chancery Lane is not led thereby into the sin of ostentation. I have always imagined that it wanted to be a sequestered little spot, close to the busy traffic of Holborn and Fleet Street, but yet apart from them. The honours of a principal thoroughfare seem to have been thrust upon it unwillingly, and it is as free from the virtue of efficiency as from the vice of ostentation. The roadway is steep and narrow; the pavement is lamentably narrow; and at midday both are overcrowded. It must be always glad when the night comes, when the bankers cease from banking and the offices are shut, when the lawyer's clerk has gone back to Kilburn and incipient stenography no longer rages in its midst. It has been touched and transformed by the modern spirit; it has its new mansions and its commissionaires in neat uniforms; the latest adjunct of civilisation enables us here to send a message at any hour of the day or night; the newest patents are not too new for Chancery Lane. Even now the builder and contractor are at work. In one spot the narrow pavement is replaced by that more narrow boarded way that the contractor loves so well. The average foot-passenger in London is not unselfish; in his manner of walking he will never relinquish his own convenience except to cause inconvenience to another. But when he reaches the narrow boarded way his jealousy and selfishness become insufferable; he believes that those boards have been placed there solely for himself, and that it is the duty of the rest of the world to walk in the road and get run over by omnibuses for his mean amusement; he gives himself more airs than an actor-manager dying on his own stage.

But Chancery Lane has not been completely transformed yet. It has its old buildings, now hiding their defaced visages behind a decent screen of boards. And the old gateway of Lincoln's Inn looks down patiently and regretfully upon the struggle of modern life. There is much law in Chancery Lane at noon. Its votaries seem to permeate it everywhere. If a cab-horse goes down in Chancery Lane—as it has every facility for doing—the chances are that it will be a solicitor who will roll out of the cab. There is law to left and right of you; if you climb up to the topmost stories you still find it; if you go down into the bowels of the earth you find its articled clerks drinking black coffee and playing dominoes. Then there are the law-stationers; the display in such windows seems always the same; it is traditional. It avoids elegance and luxury; it aims at severe convenience—solid, regulation goodness. There must be nothing in the stationery or furniture of the office which will suggest any human weakness, except the tendency to be traditional—which is the only weakness that inspires confidence.

In Chancery Lane it is possible at times to see through a window a type-writer at work. Many people stop to look, and it is difficult to be quite sure why they do it. Some, I believe, do it not so much because they see the typewriter as because they see her through a window; they manage to acquire the idea that they are seeing rather more than they ought to see. Others find that the action looks automatic, and get their joy afterwards, when they remember that after all they have *not* put a penny into the slot. Others, perhaps, watch in order to get the joy of comparison: the type-writer is working, and they are not. But I think the chief charm lies in the window. It makes the thing spectacular at once. All the world's a stage, but we only remember that when we have a proscenium.

Chancery Lane is dark and desolate enough late at night. There are no more omnibuses, carrying passengers from King's Cross to Waterloo; there are no more crowds of articled clerks and journalists and incipient stenographers. Close at hand the noise and traffic are still going on in Fleet Street, for Fleet Street never sleeps, and never will sleep so long as the public cares to read the morning papers. At night Chancery Lane seems more in sympathy with the quiet old Inns east and west of it. By day it takes its tone from the two busy streets on the north and south between which it forms the inadequate connection.

THE WEEK.

THE real difficulty about a School of English Literature at Oxford—the demand for which has been revived this week in a letter signed with five names of high authority on educational and university matters—is this: How can the examination be made hard enough to make a third class in it any sort of test of merit? Nobody need doubt that questions can be set which will give the best men as good a scope for their ability as anything that can be asked in Honour Greats. But inferior men will crowd in, to whom criticism and appreciation are as music to the unmusical; and who can only pass at all by knowledge of facts. Now, no facts can be more easily crammed than particulars about authors' lives and machine-made dogmas as to their works. Philology would be a better test: but unfortunately that, to the most ardent supporters of the new school, is held in peculiar abhorrence.

IN spite of the "Letters," the "Reminiscences," and even MR. FROUDE'S "Life," it is highly probable that MR. and MRS. CARLYLE had a much better time of it than most people think. The immediate cause of this remark is the cheerful picture of CARLYLE drawn by SIR C. GAVAN DUFFY in the *Contemporary*. SIR C. G. DUFFY knew CARLYLE for an entire generation, saw him in all his moods and under the most varied conditions, and often tried his impatient spirit by dissent from his cherished convictions, and he found him habitually serene and considerate, never hard, selfish, and arrogant. Compared with WORDSWORTH, his sense of personal superiority was not so constant or so vigilant, though the poet was perhaps more cautious in the exhibition of it. BURKE was far more liable to explosions of passion, and JOHNSON harsher and more peremptory every day of his life than CARLYLE at rare intervals in some fit of dyspepsia. This, the deliberate opinion of a man of such keen observation and power as SIR C. G. DUFFY should have weight even with the most violent detractors of CARLYLE.

THE notes of CARLYLE'S conversation during his Irish tour were well worth preserving. Perhaps the most characteristic remark is that on WORDSWORTH: CARLYLE liked to hear him talk on any subject except poetry. His description of the poet as "a man of an immense head and great jaws like a crocodile's, cast in a mould designed for prodigious work," has all CARLYLE'S extraordinary power of serious caricature. Of Ireland the best thing said is this: "We are married to Ireland by the ground-plan of this world." How CARLYLE would have blown to the winds the argument that Home Rule must mean separation!

As far as it goes "Wotton Reinfred," CARLYLE'S hitherto unpublished novel appearing in the *New Review*, reads like a study for "Sartor Resartus." The incident of the hero silencing the tea-table orator and the circumstances of the love-story are essentially the same as those in Teufelsdröckh's chapter on "Romance." The wording is often identical. "Disbelieving all things, the poor youth had never learned to believe in himself," occurs in both. The following parallel passages will show how close the two are:—

"Withdrawn in proud timidity within his own fastnesses; solitary from men, yet baited by night-spectres enough, he saw himself with a sad indignation, constrained to renounce the fairest hopes of existence. And now, O, now! 'She looks on thee,' cried he: 'she, the fairest, noblest,'" etc. ("Sartor Resartus," book ii., chap. v.)

"Thus in timid pride he withdrew within his own fastnesses, where, baited by a thousand dark spectres, he saw himself constrained to renounce in unspeakable sadness the fairest hopes of existence. And how sweet, how ravishing the contradiction! '*She* has looked on thee!' cried he; she, the fairest, noblest,'" etc. ("Wotton Reinfred," chap. ii.)

Instead of preceding "Sartor Resartus," "Wotton Reinfred" was probably an attempt, on the failure of the former to find a publisher, to reduce it to a more popular form.

THE twenty-ninth volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (SMITH, ELDER) begins with ADMIRAL INGLIS and ends with JOHN OF BURY. EDWARD IRVING and RICHARD JEFFERIES are by DR. GARNETT; the five JAMESES of Scotland are by MR. ÆNEAS MACKAY; JAMES I. of England is by MR. S. R. GARDINER, and JAMES II. by MR. A. W. WARD. DOUGLAS JERROLD is by MR. J. A. HAMILTON.

A GLANCE through MR. JOHN JULIAN'S (JOHN MURRAY) "Dictionary of Hymnology, Setting Forth the Origin and History of Christian Hymns of all Ages and Nations, with Special Reference to those Contained in the Hymn Books of English-speaking Countries," reveals a really wonderful book. We can well believe that in the pursuit of technical accuracy as much time and attention have been required for the production of one page only as is usually expended on one hundred pages of ordinary

history or criticism. The labour must have been prodigious. Some idea of the immense mass of historical, biographical, doctrinal, devotional, and ritual matter digested in its thirteen hundred pages may be gathered from the fact that there are never less than thirty-five dates on a page.

THE publication of LOWELL'S "Latest Literary Essays and Addresses" (MACMILLAN) is in accordance with the intention of their author. Most of them had been revised by him with this end in view. PROFESSOR NORTH says that the only one of them concerning which there is a doubt whether he would have published it in its present form is the paper on RICHARD III. With this he was not satisfied, and he proposed to enlarge it at some time, possibly to rewrite it. The editor finds it sufficiently interesting to warrant its publication.

THE Lithuanian language—as great a curiosity as its fellow-survival, the Lithuanian elk—may, perhaps, take a new lease of life. The Prussian Poles recently obtained permission for the use of their language in religious instruction in the elementary schools in Polish-speaking districts. The Prussian Lithuanians have just petitioned the Prussian Minister of Education for a similar privilege. Religious instruction in a strange language, they say, is no barrier against the doctrines of Social Democracy. Presumably this reason is good enough for the official mind: but there are few greater intellectual benefits to a child than the possession of two languages—no matter what those languages are. Lithuanian has always keenly interested philologists, chiefly from its curious similarities to Greek; and the mysterious allusion in HERODOTUS to a colony of runaway and barbarised Hellenes in the interior of Scythia probably refers to the Lithuanians. The Russian Government has, of course, done its best to crush Lithuanian, as it is doing its best to crush Finnish. German learning ought to keep the Prussian Government from a similar blunder.

BESIDES M. ÉMILE DE LAVELEYE, the obituary this week includes SIR GEORGE AIRY, well known as a former Astronomer Royal, who had made very numerous contributions both to his own and to other branches of science; SIR JAMES REDHOUSE, K.C.B., a distinguished Orientalist and the author of the standard Turkish dictionary, who had also served as a diplomatist; SIGNOR CESARE BARDESANO, formerly Prefect of Milan; HERR KARL KERAPOLY, once a revolutionist, afterwards Hungarian Minister of Finance; MR. LEYLAND, a well-known magnate among Liverpool shipowners and patron of art; and the REV. A. A. MACLAREN, S.P.G. missionary to New Guinea.

THE four and a half days' match between Combined Australia and LORD SHEFFIELD'S Eleven has resulted in a victory for the very powerful Australian team—the best that has ever appeared against us—by 54 runs. The Englishmen had clearly the worst of the luck. They had to compile over 200 runs in the second innings on a pitch which was disappearing before their eyes in clouds of dust. Naturally they failed, but not disgracefully. MR. GRACE played excellently in both innings, and he has been, as is only befitting, the batting hero of the team, the dry Australian wickets suiting him to perfection. The Australian eleven, including such batsmen as A. C. BANNERMAN, GIFFEN, LYONS, TROTT, and MOSES, with TURNER as chief bowler, was as near the equal of our best men as Australia could have produced, and the turn of fortune made it just their superior.

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

SIR WILLIAM WHITE AND THE BALKAN STATES.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Dec. 31, 1891.

THE telegraph brings us the news of the sudden death of Sir William White at Berlin. Before this letter can reach you everything that can be said of him in England will have been written and read, but he was hardly known in England outside the Foreign Office. There he was known and appreciated; but it is only we, who have known him in the East, who can fully understand how great is the loss which England has sustained in his death. His extraordinary promotion from the Agency at Belgrade in 1878 to the Embassy at Constantinople in 1887 was not a happy accident or the result of favouritism, but a genuine reward of merit. It was seen that he was the one man in the service who could fill the place, and that this was the one place which he could fill better than any other. He has not disappointed the expectations of those who appointed him. England has not been better represented here since the days of Lord Stratford, "the Great *Elchi*." In many ways he resembled Lord Stratford. He had the same universal knowledge of men and events in the East. This was one great secret of Lord Stratford's success. He knew the character and history of every man with whom he had to deal, and every phase of the Eastern Question for fifty years was fresh in his memory. He had also a clearly defined policy; he knew what he wanted, and he knew how to deal with the Turks—when to be conciliatory and when to be angry.

In all these respects Sir William White was his equal. He had not the polish and culture of Lord Stratford, but he was a much more agreeable man to meet. He had a wonderful memory, stored with personal reminiscences of men and events in Russia, Poland, Germany, and the East; and he was certainly one of the most entertaining men in conversation whom I have ever met. It is my impression that he kept notes of all these things, which will furnish material for invaluable memoirs. Like Lord Stratford, he could go into a towering rage when he saw fit, and use the most vigorous language; but he was a man of warm heart and the most tender feeling, full of generous and kindly sympathy for all. He was a sincere but most liberal Roman Catholic, with a firm faith in the truths of Christianity, and a serious, religious spirit which led him to think much and often to speak of his personal religious experience. Although most of his life had been spent abroad, it had all been devoted to the service of his country, and he was as genuine an Englishman as Lord Stratford, caring little for the party strife going on at home, but wholly absorbed in the higher and broader interests of the Empire.

I had occasion, a few days before he left Constantinople for Berlin, to learn his views as to the general policy of England in the East, as well as in regard to pending questions. They were such as might have been expected from a statesman of his wide experience, clear head, and sound judgment. They were given to me in confidence, but so far as general policy is concerned there is no reason why his views should not be made public. They were personal opinions, and can compromise no one. He believed that there was an Eastern Question in which England had a vital interest, which she must maintain at any cost. He had no hope of seeing Turkey reformed and strengthened by a just and enlightened government; but he had no desire to hasten her downfall, and believed in maintaining as friendly relations with the Sultan as possible—while insisting upon all Treaty rights and a fair treatment of the Christian nationalities.

He believed that Russia was certain to attempt the conquest of Constantinople and South-Eastern Europe, unless she clearly understood that England would unite with the Continental Powers in resisting

the aggression, and that it would be a fatal error for England to tolerate any further extension of Russian power in Europe. He knew Russia and the Russians as very few Englishmen have known them, and he felt that no greater calamity could befall the world than the extension of their power over South-Eastern Europe; and he watched with untiring interest the endless intrigues of Russia in Turkey and the Balkan States, which are designed to prepare the way for an advance when the favourable moment may come.

He believed that these new Christian States were the great hope of Europe, and that England ought to do all in her power to strengthen them—in opposition to the determination of Russia to dominate and, finally, annex them. No one understands the weak points in these States better than he did, and yet he believed in them, and gave them all his sympathy and support.

In general there was nothing extreme or aggressive in his views, but he believed that it was the duty of England to maintain her rights and her influence in the East—to resist with all her might the aggressive schemes of Russia, and to favour in every way possible the development of the Christian nationalities, doing at the same time all in her power to keep the peace and save Europe from war.

This is nothing more than the traditional policy of England, as modified by the results of the last war, and by the conviction that there is no longer any hope of so reforming and civilising the Turkish Government as to make it possible to keep it from dissolution. Sir William's great success has been due not to the novelty of his views but to his knowledge of facts, and the energy and wisdom with which he has defended the interests of England and the rights of the people of the East. He will never be forgotten by those who have known him here, whether as friend or foe. His death will make no change in the policy of the English Government, but we wait with no little anxiety to know who is to take his place and carry out this policy. Whoever he may be, it will be long before he can exert the commanding influence which Sir William did. It was the fate of Lord Stratford to be followed by a man who had no sympathy with his views, no knowledge of the country, and no influence for good.

It will not be out of place, in closing this letter, to refer to a letter published in THE SPEAKER of December 26th on Bulgaria, for there was no State in the East in whose welfare Sir William took a deeper interest. In regard to the Chadourne incident, there is nothing new to be said. All the world understands the animus of the French Government; but, in regard to the condition of Bulgaria, the letter conveys an utterly false impression. I do not admire M. Stambuloff's system of government. It too much resembles that of Russia, where, unhappily, he was educated, and where, a distinguished Russian official assured me, he was more admired than any other Bulgarian.

I believe that a more liberal policy would have served his ends much better, but I cannot comprehend the blindness of your correspondent and his friends, who have to thank themselves and no one else for their misfortunes and for M. Stambuloff's continuance in power. They kidnapped Prince Alexander and drove him out of the country. They started the revolution at Rustchuck, and have been plotting against the Government ever since, their last exploit being the murder of M. Beltcheff in the streets of Sofia. They may not be paid by Russia. Some of them are honest, but they are demented. It is their repeated attacks upon the liberties of the country which alarm the people and keep M. Stambuloff in power. The people do not love him, but they know that he is a strong man, and it is strength which is needed when robbers are round your house.

I do not think that your correspondent really wishes to see his country annexed to Russia, for I have never known any Bulgarian who confessed to any such desire; but they are under the delusion that a Russian protectorate would secure their independence, and give them Macedonia and perhaps Constantinople, and to secure this happy result they are ready for murder, civil war, or anything else. We, who are friends of Bulgaria, must regret that Russian methods of dealing with suspected persons still prevail; but the very men who are now suffering unhesitatingly used the same methods when they were in power, and would do so again to-morrow if they had the opportunity.

By all means let the Liberal party in England use all its influence, as your correspondent suggests, to put down tyranny in Bulgaria; but we may be sure that it will not unite with him in calling in Russia to take the lead in this good work. It would be calling in the wolf to protect the lamb.

The hope of Bulgaria and of Europe is that Russia may be kept within her own limits, and the best thing that we can wish for your correspondent and his friends is that they may accept this conclusion and give up their efforts to stir up civil war in their native country in the interest of the greatest and most terrible tyranny in the world.

PUNCH'S UNDERSTUDY.

THE first-class smoking carriage was the emptiest in the whole train, and even this was hot to suffocation, because my only companion denied me more than an inch of open window. His chest, he explained curtly, was "susceptible." As we crawled westward through the glaring country, the sun's rays beat on the carriage roof till I seemed to be crushed under an anvil, counting the strokes. I had dropped my book and was staring listlessly out of window. At the other end of the compartment my fellow-passenger had pulled down all the blinds and hidden his face behind the *Western Morning News*. He was a red-faced, choleric little man of about sixty, with a salient stomach, a prodigious nose to which he carried snuff about once in two minutes, and a marked deformity of the shoulders. For comfort—and also, perhaps, to hide this hump—he rested his back in the angle by the window. He wore a black alpaca coat, a high stock, white waistcoat, and trousers of shepherd's plaid. On no definite grounds I guessed him to be a lawyer and unmarried.

Just before entering the station at Lostwithiel, our train passed between the white gates of a level crossing. A moment before I had caught sight of the "George" drooping from the church spire, and at the crossing I saw it was regatta-day in the little town. The road was full of people and lined with sweet-standings; and by the near end of the bridge a Punch and Judy show was just closing a performance. The orchestra had unloosed his drum and fallen to mopping the back of his neck with the red handkerchief that had previously bound the pan-pipes to his chin. A crowd hung around, and among it I noted several men and women in black, hideous blots in the pervading sunshine.

The station platform was thronged as we drew up, and it was clear at once that all the carriages in the train would be besieged without regard to class. By some chance, however, we were disregarded, and escape seemed likely till the very last moment. The guard's whistle was between his lips when I heard a shout, then one or two feminine screams, and a party of seven or eight came tearing out of the booking office. Every one of them was dressed in complete black; they were, in fact, the people I had seen staring at the Punch and Judy show.

A moment after, the door of our compartment opened, and we were invaded. They tumbled in over my legs, panting, laughing, exclaiming, calling to each other to hurry—an old man, two youths, four middle-aged women, and a little girl about four years old. My choleric fellow-passenger leapt up, choking with wrath, and shouted to the guard. But

the door was slammed on his indignation, and we moved off. He sat back, purple above his stock, rescued his malacca walking-stick from under the coat-tails of a subsiding youth, stuck it upright between his knees, and glared around at the intruders. They were still possessed with excitement over their narrow escape, and unconscious of offence. One of the women dropped into the corner seat and took the little girl on her lap. The child's dusty boots rubbed against the old gentleman's trousers. He shifted his position, grunted, and took snuff furiously.

"That was nibby-jibby," the old man of the party observed, while his eye wandered round for a seat.

"I thought I should ha' died," said a robust woman, with a wart on her cheek and a yard of crape hanging from her bonnet. "Can't 'ee find nowhere to sit, uncle?"

"Reckon I must make shift 'pon your lap, Susannah." This was said with a chuckle, and the woman tittered. "What new-fangled game be this o' the Great Western's? Arms to the seats, I declare. We'll have to sit intimate, my dears."

"'Tis First Class," another woman announced in an awed whisper. "I saw it 'pon the door. You don't think they'll fine us."

"'T all comes of our stoppin' to glare at that Punch an' Judy," the old fellow went on, after I had shown them how to turn back the arm-rests and they were settled in something like comfort. "But I never *could* refrain from that antic—tho' I feels condemned, too, in a way—an' poor Thomas laid in earth no later than eleven this mornin'. But in the midst of life we are in death."

"I don't remember a more successful buryin'," said the woman with the wart.

"That was part luck, you see;—it bein' regatta-day an' the fun o' the fair not properly begun. I saw a lot at the cemetery I didn' know by face, an' I reckon they was mostly excursionists that caught sight of a funeral an' followed it, to fill up the time."

"Well, it all added."

"Oh, aye; Thomas was beautifully interred."

The heat in the carriage by this time was hardly more overpowering than the smell of crape, broadcloth, and camphor. The youth who had wedged himself next to me carried a large packet of "fairing," which he had bought at one of the sweet-stalls. He began to insert it into his side pocket, and in his struggles drove an elbow sharply into my ribs. I shifted my position a little.

"Tom's wife would ha' felt it a source o' pride, had she lived."

But I ceased to listen; for in moving I had happened to glance at the further end of the carriage, and there my attention was arrested by a curious little piece of pantomime. The little girl—a dark-eyed, intelligent child, whose pallor was emphasised by the crape which smothered her—was looking very closely at the old gentleman with the hump—staring at him hard, in fact. He, on the other hand, was leaning forward with both hands on the knob of his malacca, his eyes bent on the floor and his mouth squared to the surliest expression. He seemed quite unconscious of her scrutiny, and was tapping one foot impatiently on the floor.

After a minute I was surprised to see her lean forward and touch him gently on the knee.

He took no notice beyond shuffling about a little and uttering a slight growl. The woman who held her put out an arm and drew back the child's hand, reprovingly. The child paid no heed to this, but continued to stare. Then in another two minutes she again bent forward and tapped the old gentleman's knee.

This time she fetched a louder growl from him and an irascible glare. Not in the least daunted she took hold of his malacca and shook it to and fro in her small hand.

"I wish to heavens, madam, you'd keep your child to yourself!"

"For shame, Annie!" whispered the poor woman, cowed by his look.

But again Annie paid no heed. Instead, she pushed the malacca towards the old gentleman, saying—

"Please, sir, will 'ee warm Mister Barrabel wi' this?"

He moved uneasily and looked harshly at her without answering. "For shame, Annie!" the woman murmured a second time; but I saw her lean back and a tear started and rolled down her cheek.

"If you please, sir," repeated Annie, "will 'ee warm Mister Barrabel wi' this?"

The old gentleman stared round the carriage. In his eyes you could read the question, "What in the devil's name does the child mean?" The robust woman read it there and answered him huskily—

"Poor mite, she's buried her father this mornin'; an' Mister Barrabel is the coffin-maker, an' nailed en down."

"Now," said Annie, this time eagerly, "will 'ee warm him, same as the big doll did just now?"

Luckily the old gentleman did not understand this last allusion. He had not seen the group around the Punch and Judy show; nor, if he had, is it likely he would have guessed the train of thought in the child's mind. But to me, as I looked at my fellow-passenger's nose and the deformity of his shoulders, and remembered how Punch treats the Undertaker in the immortal drama, it was all plain enough. I glanced at the child's companions. There was nothing in their faces to show that they took the allusion. And the next minute I was glad to think that I alone knew what had prompted Annie's speech.

For the next minute, with a beautiful change on his face, the old gentleman had taken the child on his knee and was talking to her as I dare say he had never talked before.

"Are you her mother?" he asked, looking up suddenly and addressing the woman opposite.

"Her mother's been dead these two year'. I'm her aunt, an' I'm takin' her home to rear 'long wi' my own childer."

He was bending over Annie, and had resumed his chat. It was all nonsense—something about the silver knob of his malacca—but it took hold of the child's fancy and comforted her. At the next station I had to alight, for it was the end of my journey. But looking back into the carriage as I shut the door, I saw Annie bending forward over the walking-stick and following the pattern of its silver-work with her small finger. Her face was turned from the old gentleman's, and behind her little black hat his eyes were glistening.

Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LABOUR AND LIBERALISM.

SIR,—Your article on "A Labour Party" raises a question which a few weeks will show to be one of vital importance to the future of Liberalism. Is the great Labour movement of the last three years to be a force working in harmony with political Liberalism, or in isolation from it, or even in direct antagonism to it? A solution—at all events, a temporary solution—must be found for this question by next summer, and at present it can hardly be denied that, within the ranks of Labour itself, the leaning is to the second or even to the third alternative. You have given weighty reasons against the isolation of the Labour party; but there is another side to the question.

Rightly or wrongly, the Trade Unionists of to-day believe that improvements in their condition have come, and will come, from their own energy and public spirit, and not from politicians for whom they have voted at the polls. I do not altogether defend this feeling, but there is more justice in it than could be wished. Without going back into the past, or asking what Liberals did or did not accomplish for Labour when in power, consider only the attitude of official Liberalism on the platform and in the press to the New Unionism. Here is a young and struggling movement which, in the face of gigantic difficulties, led by men whose earnestness, devotion, and abi ity are recognised by all who know them, has made a deeper impression on the lives and characters of the unskilled masses in three years

than the combined efforts of philanthropists, preachers, and politicians have achieved in a generation. Yet official Liberals, the advocates of reform and the prophets of social justice, have looked coldly on, more concerned to cavil at the theoretic soundness of Mr. Burns's speeches or Mr. Mann's schemes than to give them practical sympathy and help in their work of renovation. This attitude may have been right or it may have been wrong, but those who have held it cannot complain if they have provoked suspicion; nor can they be surprised if, in the minds of working men, Liberalism is identified with Capitalism.

If Liberals wish to avoid the formation of a sectional party of Labour, they must get rid of the taint of sectionalism themselves. They cannot ride two horses. Either they stand on middle-class interests—and then they cannot complain if they lose the support of working men—or they rest on broad national interests, of which, as the best men in all parties and all classes have long insisted, the greatest and most pressing is the improvement of the condition of the working millions. If in the struggle for this improvement now going on before our eyes Liberals are content to be critics and refuse their help, then, as a party of the people, they are found wanting. If they claim to be such a party, let them take the Labour leaders into their counsels and endeavour to come to an understanding. Let them follow up the success of the Rural Conference with a gathering of Trade Unionists from the towns. Let them learn how the poor live in the towns, and what the poor want, from leaders whom the poor have chosen. Let them cast to the winds a system of economics which has long been discredited by theorists and practical men alike, and let them condescend to interchange ideas with the heads of organised Labour. Let them, in a word, vindicate their profession of "trusting the people," and they will find the people trust them; they will overcome the sectional differences which you deplore, and form a truly popular party of Reform.—I am, Sir, yours sincerely,

L. T. H.

Halifax, January 4th, 1892.

THE CIVIL WAR IN CHILI.

Sir,—I have read with great surprise your article in The Speaker of 2nd inst. entitled "The Bourse and Civil War." English people are generally profoundly ignorant about Chili and its affairs, and this is not surprising when we see that Mr. Hervey was the only English newspaper correspondent present during the war.

I will endeavour to show why I think Mr. Hervey's book, "Dark Days in Chili," most misleading and incorrect. Since 1833 Chili has been governed in accordance with a Constitution which has undergone no change. During this period only one at all serious attempt at revolution took place. In 1851 General Santa Cruz was induced by his friends to oppose the election of Señor Manuel Montt to the Presidentship by force of arms. But when he saw that Montt was supported by the country, he came to an arrangement with the Government, by which he retired. The crushing "with pitiless severity" (page 305) which Mr. Hervey speaks of is imaginary.

The President undoubtedly possesses great powers, but no one until Balmaceda has used them as he has. The great majority of Congress opposed him, without regard to political opinion, and when they declined to vote supplies, it was clearly as unconstitutional in him to raise the taxes himself as it was in the case of Charles I. of England. And the dismissal of the whole bench of judges, because they declared his acts to be illegal, again shows the way in which he violated the Constitution. The sympathy of the great mass of the country with the Opposition was evidenced by the inability of the police to capture the secret Juntas in Santiago and Valparaiso, though they held daily meetings in various houses. A Balmacedist sympathiser said that in Santiago four-fifths of the men and all the women were Opositores, while in Valparaiso the proportion was even greater. The same letter which told me this was written by one who had been in England for over twelve years, and had only recently returned to Chili. He says:—"It is perfectly wonderful how enthusiastic the foreigners become in favour of the Opposition, though at first they take neither side."

In spite of strict watch and search, there was a continual flow of young men to the north. Many left home and good employments to fight the Dictator, often as privates. The German strategist, Colonel Körner, remained with the President until he saw that the feeling of the country was unmistakably against him. He then also went to Iquique.

Even Mr. Hervey's facts are not to be relied on. For instance, he records (page 287) a battle at Viña del Mar, near Valparaiso, in which the Opposition troops were repulsed. This battle never took place, being merely an American invention. Your article records his opinion that the way in which the victors have used their triumph ensures an early retaliation. Under the heading of "Foreign Affairs" in the same issue appears the news that a comprehensive amnesty is one of the first measures passed by the new Congress. Only one man (and he, found with incendiary placards on him, was shot by order of court-martial) has been put to death since the surrender of Valparaiso.

A proof that the nation was with the Opposition was the disbandment of the Opposition army only eight days after the battle of Placilla, a proceeding probably unequalled in revolutionary annals.

Contrast this confidence in the feeling of the nation with the government of Balmaceda. Santiago and Valparaiso were in a state of siege during the whole of the revolution. The troops were not allowed to leave their barracks without an officer. Non-political people were arrested in the streets, taken to prison, and kept there until the downfall of Balmaceda, without knowing the charges against them. Nearly all the newspaper offices were closed, and the machinery broken. Not even telephones were allowed. No one could leave a seaport without a passport, and for some time passports were required for going from one interior town to another. But the Government agents rebelled against the enormous labour this involved. The militia, which, being composed of citizens and much larger than the standing army, is a check on the latter, was disbanded and the arms taken to Santiago.

There is not space, nor is it necessary, to enter on the question of tortures ordered by Balmaceda and his officials. That question is being examined before the courts of the country. Chilian bonds, which so surprised Mr. Hervey by leaping from 74 to 91 on the news of the fall of Balmaceda, have not only maintained that rise, but are now 92. Señor Montt, though a Conservative, has been unanimously elected President by a country which returns Liberal majorities to both Chambers. This alone is sufficient to show that all shades of politicians opposed Balmaceda, and that the certainty of the will of a nation triumphing over that of an individual has been once again verified.—I am yours faithfully,

James A. Lyon.

Lloyds, London, January 6th, 1892.

"FROM PEKIN TO MONGOLIA."

Sir,—The Speaker of 2nd January publishes a letter from Mr. Poultney Bigelow in which he says that the French destroyed the famous Summer Palace of the Emperor of China.

Will you allow me to say that this statement is incorrect? The Summer Palace was burned and razed to the ground by the English, intentionally, deliberately, on the express orders of Lord Elgin and in defiance of his colleague, the French Plenipotentiary, Baron Gros, who disapproved of and protested against the measure.

The action of the British Envoy has been variously judged. Some have excused it as a retributive act of justice; others have condemned its Vandalism. It is not my purpose to pronounce upon these conflicting opinions. I merely wish to point out that, the facts being undoubtedly as I have just stated, the French had nothing whatever to do with the destruction, and the responsibility rests with Lord Elgin alone.

Havre, 4th January, 1892. J. J. Marcel.

THE REAL CLAUDE MONET.

Sir,—It is the opinion of some of us that G. M. has evolved from his inner consciousness a strange and, in fact, quite unrecognisable Monet to present to your readers. "At undetermined intervals," he says, "M. Claude Monet returns from the country with thirty or forty landscapes, all equally perfect, all painted in precisely the same way." "The painter attains his effects with such regularity and despatch, that it is impossible not to weary of so much certainty. . . . This eternal decoration, this touch so much more precious than profound, this vision so rapid that the intimate note is lost, this ever changing but ever shallow brilliant appearance, wearies," etc.

Does not one at once construct from this description a child of the asphalt and the boulevards returning from his summer outing with his pile of canvases, perhaps with sketches to work up in the leisure of his winter atelier?—one who has acquired his "technical accomplishment," his "regularity and despatch," from long years of training in the school and the studio?—not a daily guest at Nature's table, but a chance reporter, with an eye to business, peeping in as he finds her door ajar—in fact, a commercial traveller of Art, sent out into Nature's manufactories to pick up such specimens of her wares as will, in his judgment, best suit her wealthy patrons, full of complacent self-satisfaction, troubled with no misgivings as to his success in properly arranging his "décor de théâtre"? But is this the real Monet?

"Once," said Monet, "I spent three weeks in an art school, and they were the most unprofitable three weeks of my life." For more years than I can tell you he has lived, through all the changing seasons, in a little Normandy village lying just where the slender Epte, with its fringe of poplars and willows, loses itself, with all its brooks, in the broad, cliff-edged Seine—the village which he has made immortal with his brush. Not his the casual glance of the stranger, but the long gaze of the lover, eye to eye, soul to soul, looking beyond the transient and the accidental, stamping deeply in his mind the real and the permanent, recording the impressions of one who knows all, and loves better than he knows. Such is his manner of seeing, such his endeavour to record what he sees. But is he always satisfied with the record? Is his never "the human desire outstripping the means at its disposal"? In the long days spent at work in

the open air, Monet takes with him a number of canvases, leaving one for another so soon as his sensitive eye warns him of a change in the light, never perhaps to take up again the same canvas if similar conditions of colour and light do not return. His house is full of pictures which he will not part with, because they are below his standard. On one of these the critic who speaks of him as a regular, mechanical worker, with no longing for an "unattainable beyond," might see the impress of a boot, where the impetuous, unsatisfied artist, in a moment of disgust, thrust his foot through it. It is not many months since, in despair at the impossibility of attaining his ideal, he threw paint-box and brushes into the river, resolved never to touch canvas again, telegraphing that night, as one may imagine, in all haste, to Paris for fresh supplies. There is even a rumour current that he once locked himself into his studio, and carried the demolition of his work there so far as to make firewood of most of its contents.

Because, with proud humility, he offers the public only his best, let no one suppose that this is a slice cut from the dead level of "passionless perfection." It represents, on the contrary, constant struggle, and, in his own estimation, frequent failure. "Clearly," says G. M., "Sisley and Monet have often worked together side by side. Their work tells of long companionship. They were clearly nourished in the same traditions, and participated in the same revolt." I know not whether Sisley has ever worked with Monet. As a rule, certainly, Monet works alone; he needs no companionship, and shrinks from it. Nature has been his teacher, and he invariably refuses to teach others, sending them to her school, the only one that he believes in. Instead of being nourished in the same traditions, they have more probably benefited by the same absence of tradition.

The thoughts of G. M., mentioned above, are those which came to him, as he intimates, at his writing-desk. "They are," he says, "no doubt true enough." But how can they be true, when every sensation which he experiences before the real picture gives them the lie? How can Monet's pictures be "all equally perfect," when, in the presence of a number, G. M. sees and feels only one? How can a man be "the supreme and incontestable master of modern landscape" whose touch is "more precious than profound," whose vision is so shallow, so rapid, that "the intimate note is lost"—who is, in fact, but the scene-painter of a theatre?

Would it not have been better for G. M. to suppress his preconceived opinions, since he has the sincerity to contradict them by his subsequent impressions, rather than to give the casual reader the trouble of trying to disengage, in the interests of justice, fact from fancy?—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

GIVERNY.

ANGLICISING THE CELT.

DEAR SIR,—Not as the publisher of Mr. Jacob's "Celtic Fairy Tales," but simply as an Englishman who loves Celtic lore and has done what lies with him to make it accessible to other Englishmen, may I be allowed a few remarks upon the review in your last week's "Literary Causerie"? I understand A. T. Q. C.'s feeling, and I can assure him that if I thought he were right, and that the preservation and publication of Celtic legends tended to the Anglicising of Ireland, I would have nothing to do with them. But I believe he is wholly wrong. I believe that the interest created by the study of Celtic tradition fosters and strengthens the traditional spirit. But even if I am wrong in this belief, surely it cannot have the contrary effect; it cannot help the Anglicising process—*that* is altogether independent of the folk-lorists' efforts. But if we cannot prevent the Anglicising of Ireland, we can to some extent Celticise England, and we are thereby working more effectually than in any other way against "Moody and Sankey monstrosities." This I hold to be a necessary process if Englishmen and Irishmen are ever to come nearer understanding each other. And many good Gaels, both in these islands and in America, some of them ardent Irish Nationalists, hold with me.—Faithfully yours,

ALFRED NUTT.

270, Strand, London, W.C., January 4th, 1892.

BAD STATISTICS.

SIR,—Taking a considerable interest in the economical condition of two not very far-away countries—England and France—I make it my constant business to be well posted-up in their statistics.

This morning I received from my bookseller Mr. Joseph Whitaker's "Almanack for 1892" and "Barker's Facts and Figures," edited by Mr. Thomas P. Whittaker, for the same coming year, which, I trust, may be a happy one for them and for all of us.

I turned at once to the National Debt of France, a fatal thing, which has a strange fascination in it. I find that Barker puts it (for 1889) at £886,708,382, while the Almanack adds some £400,000,000 sterling to this, and says it is understated at even £1,288,500,000 for 1890.

I next thought I would look at home, and there I find our own dear little liabilities for 1891 most carefully worked out by the Almanack to £684,070,959, while Barker again underbids at £680,681,581. Here is a slight difference of between £3,000,000 and £4,000,000. Many other differences are observable which are, I assure you, startling, if not astounding (for example, in the revenue and trade of France).

Now, Sir, I am one of those who are constantly wanting credible statistics at a moment's notice, and I am also, unfortunately, one of those who cannot afford to make mistakes of either 4,000,000 or 400,000,000 in my articles. Will Messrs. Whittaker and Whitaker settle between them, and let us know, which (if either) of them is correct; which are the facts (in a word) and which merely figures?—I remain, Sir,

A CONSTANT WRITER.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, January 8th, 1892.

OF critics worth consideration there are two classes. Those of the first are magisterial, imposing, mysteriously endowed with authority over artists and writers, and determined to use that authority as a sacred deposit. How it comes to them, whether by divine right or apostolical succession, I have no means of knowing: for I have never assisted at the birth of anything in the shape of a head-master, nor would willingly do so. It appears, however, that they are born with a complete set of major premisses in their mouths, by virtue of which they are able to mark artistic work as an examiner marks a set of papers. Consciously fulfilling their social functions, they watch over the hierarchies of art and letters, obliterating the incompetent with a tear and frowning down the pert impostor. They are stately creatures; and few do them the violence of asking for their credentials. England has its usual luck in possessing a great many of them. In France, M. Ferdinand Brunetière is head of their college. In all countries they reason deductively.

Those of the second class understand criticism not as a special constabulary service but as one branch of the art of enjoying life. They define it as the art of enjoying masterpieces, and their tendency is to label their own impressions rather than the authors of these masterpieces. Less holy than their rivals, they are vastly more comfortable. Their reasoning is almost wholly inductive, and when writing in French, they avoid the use of *tandis que*. In England we have two dramatic critics of this class.

Of these two Mr. A. B. Walkley is one, and the title of his just-published volume—"Playhouse Impressions" (T. Fisher Unwin)—is an index to his method. A good half of the articles therein collected have appeared for the first time in THE SPEAKER; but readers of this paper will do well to acquire the book, if only to read Mr. Walkley's *apologia* and his notions of the critic's office. "The enunciation," says he, "of positive judgments, of absolute truths, I hold to be no part of my business; on the contrary, to be negative and relative was a point of honour. To have as many impressions as fortune willed—if irreconcilable, no matter—about the same work; to find the arguments for and against equally good; to be, in fine, multilateral, *ondoyant et divers*; these seemed to me the true objects of that 'art of enjoying masterpieces' which is one sort of criticism."

I have but one complaint to make against this—that it is too modest. You would think, to read it, that Mr. Walkley had no first principles in his pack; that he entered the playhouse with no prepossessions—with nothing, in fact, but a rarefied intelligence. But, as one who has before now disputed with him, I take a malicious pleasure in discovering one damning great general proposition among his papers—one that he has taken into the theatre with him many times—a sound major premiss it is true, and soundly reached by induction. But after reading his preface I feel a subtle joy in warning him of the

temptations to which even a sound major premiss may expose a man.

Mr. Walkley is—if we except Mr. Archer—the only dramatic critic in England who has made any attempt to use the historical method. The average newspaper-man dates the commencement of the Drama from the night when he first elbowed his way into the pit, and though the average newspaper-man is very old indeed, he cannot date back to Thespis, or even to Sheridan. He can compare a new playwright with Robertson or Byron or Boucicault, and there he stops. Shakespeare he knows as a great dramatist who was still popular in 1830, but of Shakespeare's place in the development of the drama he is quite ignorant. Now Mr. Walkley's method is different. In discussing Mr. Sydney Grundy's *A Pair of Spectacles* he will take you back through MM. Labiche and Delacour to Shadwell, and from Shadwell back to Terence's *Adelphi*. In dealing with a Gaiety burlesque he is able to show that *Carmen up to Data* cannot be justified by a reference to Aristophanes. In other words, he has studied the evolution of the drama; and this study has led him first to comparison and thence to a general proposition.

What this general proposition is, you may learn from his two papers on *Hamlet* and a third on Sheridan. But perhaps he will allow me to digest it thus: The drama in Shakespeare's day and up to the time of Sheridan was an art of presentation rather than of representation. It had not yet been clearly differentiated from other literary forms: it included much that has since (by specialisation of function) been taken over by the novel, the dramatic poem, the popular philosophy-book, even the sermon. The very structure of the Elizabethan stage, with its lack of mechanism to produce illusion: the presence of spectators on the stage (whence they were banished not long before Sheridan's time): the defective archæology of the times—all this detracted from illusion and made the drama as much a rhetorical as an imitative art. Hence certain speeches in Shakespeare—the Seven Ages speech, the Queen Mab speech, the soliloquy in *Hamlet* — though not dramatic in our day, were dramatic then: for drama included much that has since been relegated to other branches of the poetic art. To quote Mr. Walkley, "Such speeches as the homily of Polonius, or Hamlet's lecture to the players, were not designed by Shakespeare to further the action or to illustrate character, nor were they for one moment so regarded by the Elizabethan man in the pit. Shakespeare simply wanted to philosophise about life or the drama, and the man in the pit wanted to hear about these things."

Now here Mr. Walkley has got hold of a general proposition—that the drama, up to Sheridan's time, was presentative rather than representative, aiming at rhetorical effect rather than illusion. But in his desire for a neat antithesis I submit that he is "assisting evolution" when he goes on to demand, as he does, that our drama to-day shall be wholly representative. I cannot quite believe that at the death of Sheridan dramatic art turned so smart a summersault. Things don't happen so suddenly. And indeed I take leave to doubt that the drama—or any other art, for that matter—can ever turn completely over from presentation to representation. "Uncompromising realists"—among whom, I suppose, Mr. Walkley may be counted—want it to imitate "the strange, irregular, rhythm of life." Life shows no plot, design, construction at all. Why then, they ask, should a play show any?

The answer, I suppose, has been given a hundred times: and my only quarrel with the realists is that they are not really "uncompromising" enough. Let them push their theory as far as ever it will go. You have, we'll say, four hours during which you may detain your audience at the theatre. Let us discard all artifice, and going back to the dear old Unity, cut four hours out of somebody's everyday life and exhibit it. Then you will have representation, pure and simple. But when any art is used at all you must have presentation. As soon as an artist begins to select, he is presenting—giving you what he desires you to see. But Mr. Walkley's contention is best met with a question—Do you know a single play which is not presentative? And if not, can you imagine one?

It remains to be seen if Messrs. Walkley and Archer can improve our plays after their hearts, but, undoubtedly, they are improving our dramatic criticism. At length we are able to listen to a judgment upon a play which is not mainly an appreciation of the actors and actresses. In one respect, at least, Mr. Walkley resembles Hazlitt. The players "put him out": the playhouse, he feels, would be a delightful place without them. The majority have rather violent personalities, and these personalities intrude between him and the author's meaning. This is, he says, "the paradox of the acted drama: the very means that make it possible to judge of it hinders judgment." In a different way, and for other reasons, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is equally impatient of the mummer. But there is, perhaps, a danger that the reformers of our drama may carry this impatience too far. It is all very well to talk of "literary" plays, and even better to write "literary" plays, provided the literature does not clog the actor. I speak as an amateur, but appeal to Mr. Walkley himself—"As if," he exclaims on p. 20, "that part of literature which is called drama could be properly judged without reference to the conditions of the very object with which it is written! As if the whole structure of a play were not dependent on the fact that it is to be acted!" As long as this is borne in mind, well and good. But when we find Mr. Jones, in a preface to his "Saints and Sinners," asserting that "there is a certain very strong antagonism between the literary and theatrical elements of a play," we cannot help suspecting that literature as understood by Mr. Walkley and Mr. Jones is two very different things.

Of Mr. Walkley's acuteness I need not speak—nor of his courage—to readers of THE SPEAKER who remember his remarks upon the *Taming of the Shrew*; nor of his humour—for was it not he who hit on the beautiful idea of producing Mr. Haddon Chambers by the Method of Exhaustion? Written with a light hand, often brilliant and never by any chance stupid, his book must charm even those who fail to detect its real seriousness. It is like good French criticism, worth reading for its own sake: and one ejaculates on closing its pages, "What a treat it is to come across a critic who is not a Philistine!"

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

STUDIES IN ANARCHY.

DIE ANARCHISTEN. [Sketches of Civilisation at the Close of the Nineteenth Century.] By John Henry Mackay. Zürich. 1891.

TO that series of curious magic-lantern slides which goes by the name of "romance" in the nineteenth century, fresh pictures, both at home and abroad, are being constantly added. Few more instructive as a picture—though it is nothing of a story—have come in our way of late than "The Anarchists," by that well-known German poet who calls himself John Henry Mackay. It is a rudely drawn sketch, with bold but unequal strokes, and not relieved even

for a moment by the lighter touches that a romance-writer of the old school would have, more or less cunningly, thrown in. But Herr Mackay does not belong to the old school. He is a stark and literal Realist—a photographer—whose aim is not story-telling, but to fix in clear outline a situation or an incident just as he sees it, and rather to point a moral than to adorn a tale. Any page torn out of the book of life will serve his purpose, and the more ragged and besmirched, the deeper the stains which cleave to it from the London mud, the better will it express what he has in view. He intends to make us acquainted with the genuine sense of that much misused word "anarchy;" and, though he might have given us a good story into the bargain, and not contented himself with painting a couple of full-length portraits, we think he has done as he proposed, for as many as will read him.

Herr Mackay has written verse, and good-natured critics, who, it is evident, had never looked at Shelley and had forgotten their Freiligrath, hailed him as "the first singer of anarchy." At all events, he will not be the last. Anarchy, the new movement which is breaking to the front, and threatens to divide the future with Socialism, is certain to have its poets as well as its soldiers and philosophers, in the good time coming. For it is exactly the kind of message that quickens the blood, and thrills it as with a new inspiration. The "sovereign individual" which it exalts above the sovereign States and Churches of the past, is, at first sight, an extremely attractive Ishmael. He is the veritable "Prometheus Unbound." Whether he will furnish as grand a tragedy as when he was not unbound, and could declaim, though not altogether at his ease, among the crags of Caucasus, remains a question. Herr Mackay believes in him, and has eloquently given the grounds of his faith in this sombre, depressing, and yet powerful fragment.

It is a shifting panorama of London in 1887—the "Jubilee Year," as our author scornfully takes note. Interwoven with dialogues and discussions, is the story of the Anarchists—falsely so-called, according to Herr Mackay—who were hanged, amid popular excitement and after much debating and petitioning, at Chicago in the same year. There is no plot, unless the breaking up of an old friendship between the two principal characters, Otto Trupp and Carrard Auban, be allowed to stand for such. But the interest of the book is vivid and painful, with its background of thanksgiving for a prosperous reign, and its processions of the unemployed, Trafalgar Square rioting, East End misery, and glimpses of the "kingdom of hunger." This German critic knows his London well; and, in the true spirit of romantic poetry, views it "with larger other eyes than ours." Now and again his peculiar fashion of reproducing scenes which are too commonplace to seem terrible in English eyes, may make the reader smile. But it is the stranger who is in the right, not we, when he discerns something indescribably great and horrible in our "dim rich city." The presentment is vivid, full of smoke and dying flame, by no means cheerful in the general effect, but somewhat resembling the dream which might come to a sane man who by mistake had been shut up in Colney Hatch.

Long ago Dickens flung upon his crowded canvas the picturesque misery of London, which he had hunted out of its corners and crooked lanes by day or by night. Dickens, however, could imagine reality better than he could suggest a way of lifting it up. He felt the need of reform passionately, but with the inveterate slowness of an English mind when it looks ahead, he shrank from the idea of revolution. Since his time, the "International" has come and gone; Socialism, which was but French or German, has made the round of the world; the middle-class, which called itself Liberal, is discovering that the class beneath it can be Liberal too, though not quite of the same colour; and the cosmopolitan movement, much thwarted by differences of race and tongue, is broadening every day, until it seems likely to supplant or transform the old national conceptions.

A romance like "The Anarchists" takes up the story where Dickens broke off. London is still the heart of the social question; it abides what it was fifty years ago: "hell in ashen grey." But the universal movement has begun to stir its deep and sullen waters. The foreign element grows within it; not only "fungus Jews" at Whitechapel, or German clerks in the City, or half-starved Italian waiters at all the restaurants, but the disciples of Lassalle, Karl Marx, Bakunin, and Max Stirner are at home there. The "Sweating Committee" of the House of Lords called up before it one kind of alien, a hunger-bitten, frowsy, trembling crowd, outcasts who had been flung into this common cesspool of Europe by the states which were delighted to get rid of them. Herr Mackay, surveying their dens and rookeries, has painted the surroundings of these "wage-determining phenomena" with intense power and feeling. The problem of English poverty to which we are used has now, as he indicates with violent emphasis, got itself entangled in that of the Continental "proletariat." Neither can be solved alone. But, besides the pauper immigration, there is a second, of the exiles, the conspirators, *les révoltés*, who are no longer intent upon overthrowing kings and setting up republics, but are enraged against the very conception of "the State"—men who have been defeated without being greatly weakened, for they cannot be kept, wherever they come, from preaching their revolutionary doctrine. These, especially, are the men whom Herr Mackay has studied.

Take, as an example, Otto Trupp, aged five-and-thirty, son of a working man in the Saxon lowlands, driven from home by a termagant mother, and thrown, as chance would have it, hungry and penniless, into hard smith's work near Chemnitz when he was a lad of fifteen. He reads Lassalle's "Working Man's Programme," feels its truths, joins a Socialist club, and learns to divide mankind into "exploiters" and "exploited." Henceforth, he believes, with many thousands more, that, to build up society, the middle class must be pulled down. He can read, but knows nothing of history, classics, or the established religion. Wandering into Switzerland, he hears the word "Anarchy" for the first time, understands it as meaning Nihilism, and throws himself into the propaganda of destruction with apostolic zeal. He is a sincere fanatic, without wife or child, who is ready to go anywhere, and carry to his working-class comrades the universal Jonah's message, "Down with everything that is up." He believes in opposing force by force, in changes of government by dynamite, and in Robespierre's policy of first guillotining the well-dressed, and then setting up a golden age upon the foundations of terror. When the "true time comes," indeed, terror will have seen its day. Communism is the end, anarchy the means; and over the gates of this earthly Paradise we read Louis Blanc's formula: "To each according to his needs; from each according to his capacity." But how if some will eat and will not work? "Ah," replies Trupp, "the holy spirit of altruism will provide against all that; only let us establish anarchy, and you will see." Meanwhile, this broad-shouldered, iron-handed son of the forge, whose heart melts when he looks upon suffering, is convinced that the shortest way to happiness is the best, and, in prison or out of prison, he prepares his charges of powder for the "last great revolution" that shall shake the bourgeois world to pieces. "Rant and fustian," says the literary man at his club. Be it so. But with the receipt for the manufacture of nitro-glycerine in its pocket! Herr Mackay points for illustration to Chicago, hanging the spokesmen of "anarchy" in a frenzied panic which would have done credit to the weakest despot that ever hid himself behind his palace walls. Were the leaders at Chicago innocent, as this writer vehemently maintains? What mental confusion,

then, must have been wrought by the flinging of a single shell in the brains of these so-called democratic rulers, who knew they were innocent, but had determined to hang somebody? Or were they guilty? The terror which their apparition excited is still a bad sign, and proves that "wild talk may yet be the forerunner of revolutionary deeds."

But, says Herr Mackay, neither the Chicago unfortunates nor even Otto Trupp were anarchist in the proper sense. Carrard Auban is the man—a carefully-constructed, life-like figure, and the best of his portraits. Auban is a Parisian, born of a French father and a German mother. He has been well educated, is a journalist and man of letters, and has gone through the "red fever," like other youths of his time. Nay, he has suffered imprisonment for the cause, defied his judges, and made revolutionary harangues in court. But in his solitary confinement he has studied political economy; and when Trupp meets him in London he is a changed being. An anarchist, yes; but one who has put science and reason in the place of dynamite. He stands aloof from conspiracies, dark-lantern meetings, and the whole pernicious mummery of underground movements. As he walks about London, surveying its golden youth at midnight in Piccadilly, its fallen women of all nations, its neglected children swarming in the gutters, its innumerable gin-palaces and pawnshops—the whole of its "perplexed and brutal communism," which compels a vast multitude to rot in filth and misery from the cradle to the grave, he sees that a revolution must come, and is already preparing. The middle-class may turn away when invited to look down the volcano on the side of which their comfortable houses are built, or to calculate what would happen if the fire which makes their gardens bloom so luxuriantly were to break out from underneath; but science, which foretells the future, as it has recorded the past, is well assured that this people's volcano will never be extinct. The huge monopolies that have created, as their inevitable consequence, our millions of the proletariat, are on the way to be absorbed in the new gigantic organism which even now is rising upon the ruins of the feudal State. To-morrow belongs, in Auban's opinion, to the Socialists.

He is convinced, nevertheless, that Socialism will be "the last universal stupidity" of mankind; for he sees beyond it the utter collapse of the State, and, with the growth of science, a corresponding growth in personal freedom. "You deny history," objects a critic to him; and he answers, "I deny the past." He repudiates the communist doctrine of sacrificing self to the multitude. He longs for the day when no man shall have a right of constraining his neighbour. He would deal with the State as English and American Liberals have agreed to deal with religion: putting, instead of a centralised power, free association for definite ends. He comes very close, at times, to Mr. Herbert Spencer, and still more close to Mr. Auberon Herbert. With the naïveté which somewhere or other is sure to betray a born German, Herr Mackay fancies that a day may come when we shall bid the tax-gatherer go about his business, and decline to take shares in the State, as if it were a bogus company, the directors of which were only too well known in the Bankruptcy Court. Auban indulges an odd kind of dream in which the State turns out to be a mere delusion, an idol of the market-place, dressed up by our own foolish hands. For anarchy means spontaneous grouping, in opposition to force, privilege, and tradition. It means the right of private property, unrestricted save by the equal rights of other men, but unprotected by law or by police. It is, in short, the Utopia of a well-balanced Egoism in which business contracts, mutual defence and protection, marriage, religion, and all things else, shall depend on the free choice of individuals, each of whom may do as he will with himself, his opinions, and his labour.

Over this argument Trupp and Auban dissolve their friendship and go their several ways, implying that the camp of revolution will break up after the same fashion. For how can freedom be reconciled with communism, or absolute power with anarchy? "When the few exploit the many," says Auban with great force, "we have the bourgeois State, as at present. But when the many exploit the few, we shall have the Socialist State, and the reign of mediocrity." "As things stand," he continues, "some have the means not to labour, while others have not the means to labour." Can the State apply a remedy? In his view it is the State which creates and feeds the disease. There is a corrupt and corrupting idle class at the top and bottom of the scale. But would it improve our condition to abolish magistrates, pastors, and masters, at a single blow? The "spontaneous grouping" which would follow might not please even Mr. Auberon Herbert.

All the figures which flit past us in this melancholy, thoughtful book, are miserable. A coffin lid seems to have been let down over the whole earth and shuts out the sky. Fierce and bitter as it is, uncompromising in its hatred of religion, which it calls "the deliberate lie of salaried priests," and in its disdain of ethics, at which Auban laughs with more than his usual irony, the volume has its worth and its significance. Not for English working-men, who dislike the foreign Anarchist as much as the middle-class dislike them. But for all who recognise that our long isolation from the world of the Continent is coming to an end. These side-views of the International, and of its leaders, will admirably explain the relation of English Socialism to other, and more revolutionary, groups. It may be prophesied that, whenever anarchy gets down into the streets, Carrard Auban's scruples about the employment of physical force will vanish, and he will be found marching shoulder to shoulder with Otto Trupp. We shall never reach the Utopia of all the virtues—even if we exchange religion for the "atheism of the twentieth century"—until we have gone through a conflict of all the strengths. Can we forget that Napoleon came after Robespierre, and that we are still waiting for Napoleon's successor?

STATE PAPERS OF HENRY VIII.

Calendar of Letters, Despatches, and State Papers Relating to the Negotiations between England and Spain, Preserved in the Archives at Simancas, Vienna, Brussels, and elsewhere. Vol. vi., Part i. Henry VIII., 1538–1542. Edited by Pascal de Gayangos. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode.

It would be ungrateful to complain of the extensive scope of a collection which, nominally restricted to "the negotiations between England and Spain from 1538 to 1542," comprehends, in fact, the affairs of Spain, France, and the Pope in their mutual connection as well. The interest and variety of the volume are thus immensely increased, and we shall not inquire too curiously how far Señor de Gayangos has confined himself within the precise limits of his commission. An excellent index relieves the embarrassment in which the mere student of English affairs might otherwise find himself amid the throng of heterogeneous matters. Foreign personages, indeed, almost monopolise the stage for more than a year of the period comprised in this Calendar, during which the Imperial envoy was wholly withdrawn from the Court of London. This diplomatic rupture, partly caused by the pressure put upon Charles V. by the Pope, was healed in 1540, and the returning ambassador, the same Chapuys so well known to the students of Henry the Eighth's first divorce, was in time to witness the espousal and divorce of Anne of Cleves, the fall of Cromwell, the elevation and tragic death of Catherine Howard, and the rising in the North, which he ascribes to the suppression of the monasteries having diverted the revenues formerly spent in the country to London. The Pope also thought that if trade between England and the Continent were interdicted, the English would revolt, expel Henry, and perhaps kill him. Why the English nevertheless supported Henry in spite of

his tyranny may be explained by another ambassador's observation that if France, the Emperor, Scotland, and Rome would but combine for offensive purposes "the partition and distribution" of England would not be difficult. The picture of Henry, drawn as it is by an unfriendly hand, is not unfavourable. In his conversations with Chapuys, frequently and fully reported, he always expresses himself straightforwardly and with strong good sense, and there are more indications of tender feeling than we should have expected. It is interesting to find him regretting the great minister he had disgraced: "No sooner did he hear the Cardinal's name than he began to sigh, and exclaimed, 'I never in my life did, or expect to, see a more able or wiser man than the Cardinal was in matters of government and administration.'" He affected indifference at the time of Catherine Howard's execution, but afterwards Chapuys attests: "Ever since he heard of his late queen's misconduct he has become sad and mournful, and I have scarcely spoken to him once without finding him low-spirited and dejected, sighing continually." Such details give life to the dry details of diplomatic correspondence, and there are plenty of them. We learn, for example, that when Charles the Fifth's natural daughter married the Pope's grandson, nearly all her income went in repairing the ruinous Roman palace assigned as her residence. Chapuys relates with glee how he has gained over the secretary of the French ambassador, who supplies him with copies of his employer's confidential despatches; it does not occur to him that he has no security for their genuineness, and that his own secretary is very probably serving him the same way. On the whole, the general impression is one of great richness and picturesqueness, from the dignity and importance of the personages who continually pass and repass as in some brilliant masquerade; of astonishment at the vast amount of business devolving ultimately upon the Emperor, for the satisfactory despatch of which nothing less than omnipotence and omniscience could have sufficed; most of all of the abortive issues and stupendous futility of the great mass of the diplomacy of the age, correctly characterised by one of the diplomats as "much talk, innumerable devices, which it would take me too much time to put down in writing, and, substantially, nothing at all."

Señor de Gayangos is a veteran in the art of calendaring State papers, and nothing can in general be more luminous than his *précis*. Slight errors, of course, occasionally creep in. *Levy* the embargo (p. 103) is not English, and the context shows that the proper word would have been *raise*. Most remarkable—though it may have been good English in Henry the Eighth's time—is the present which he is said (p. 307) to have received of "three *venison* pies made of the largest *wild boar* that was ever killed in France."

"A SICILIAN IDYLL."

A Sicilian Idyll. A Pastoral Play in Two Scenes. By John Todhunter. London: Elkin Matthews. 1891.

This latest of our many English echoes of Theocritus, published now in a form not unlike some of the famous small quartos of Elizabethan plays, has, like those plays, had its public opportunity on the stage before appearing in type. As performed several months ago in the small theatre of that suburban Arcadia, Bedford Park, it proved very successful; and bore well the test of a second inspection when repeated in London a little later. On turning to the text, the impression then made of a graceful and picturesque setting forth of

> "An Idyll, picturing 'neath summer skies
> The shepherd folk of some dim age of gold,"

to quote the Prologue, is, on the whole, strengthened. In the Prologue Dr. Todhunter, by his reference to "the pale shade of old Theocritus"—as, indeed, by the title and whole conditioning of the play—indirectly acknowledges that his is rather a reflected than an original presentment; and he does not confine himself to echoing Theocritus, but echoes freely too those later poets, who, writing in the Theocritean manner—or, at any rate, as in Keats, writing verse with a classical memory of things idyllic—have helped on the pastoral tradition in English poetry. In the case of such a piece of work this was to be expected, and it would be the merest unkindness of criticism to take to account on that score the modern playwright and versifier who revives for us the old idyllic Sicily of Daphnis and Amaryllis. Moreover, Dr. Todhunter, if he does echo, echoes well. He combines his notes skilfully, and puts his own voice, so to speak, into them, and the music that results is sweet and of a pastoral tunefulness.

The story that his lines set forth is simple enough; so simple, indeed, that, unless one had seen it on the stage and found it effective there, one might be inclined to doubt its efficiency—from any modern theatrical point of view, at any rate. The first of its two scenes, "The Shepherd's Dancing-Place" (where a laurel thicket, a *pergola* supported on pillars, and a statue of Dionysus, crowned with grapes and vine-leaves, in the foreground, and a space of blue sea and a spur of Ætna, with olive woods and meadows, in the background, form a characteristic setting), shows us first the melancholy Daphnis, who enters, playing on his pipe, and complaining:—

> "Sad sounds my pipe, sad as the sighing breath
> Voiced by its reed. O cruel Amaryllis!
> For thee my flocks, wanting their shepherd's care,
> Stray in the glens; for thee the wandering bleat
> Of the lost lamb but calls some pitiless foe
> To still his tender plaint; for thee their shepherd
> Strays, like the shade of an unburied man,
> Around the happy haunts of pastoral mirth:
> *Wander, my flocks, your shepherd is astray!*"

In quoting these lines the last is put in italics because it is repeated, with some slight variation, so as to form a sort of refrain to the opening passages of Daphnis' complaint; which suggests the refrains, as in the first Idyll, used by Theocritus with such artistic effect, and which serves to show in passing how well Dr. Todhunter has known to borrow from his master. As the other characters appear, they appear with similarly suggestive expressions of their lover's hope and woe. To Daphnis presently enters Thestylis, the wayward but sympathetic Thestylis, who wishing to console him for the coldness of Amaryllis, ends by loving him herself. Her tendered consolation takes a form that leads us back to the Arden of Shakespeare, as well as to the Arcadia of Theocritus:—

> "Nay, Daphnis, lift thy head in manly pride,
> Tears are for women's eyes; with plaints of woe
> Was never woman won. Come, in sad sport
> Call me thy Amaryllis, woo me so;
> I'll teach thee how to woo, and win thy suit."

The "Hymn to Bacchus" that follows, strikes the note of Keats, and borrows almost his very words in some of its lines; but this Keats-like note is in keeping with the context, and the hymn forms a capital dramatic preparation for the entrance of the chief heroine, Amaryllis. The dialogue that follows between this independent young lady, who has a somewhat severe ideal of love and life, and the simpler, home-loving, easy-going Thestylis, is excellent. The two types are admirably contrasted so as to form the one a foil for the other. Indeed, contrary to the usual way in fiction of verse or prose, Dr. Todhunter is more successful in his women than in his men; for though Alcander is a strong and picturesque hero, he is nothing more, and gains what effect he has in the play more by his position as the successful wooer of Amaryllis than by his own individuality, so to speak; while Daphnis is still more disappointing, especially as compared with the Daphnis "loved of the muses and not hated of the

nymphs," whom we all know in Theocritus. However, no great demand of dramatic individuality need be made in a dramatic idyll after all; and Alcander and Daphnis satisfy conventional idyllic requirements very fairly, and in their suits to the divine Amaryllis and the more human Thestylis omit none of the accustomed lover's sighs and vows proper to such situations. But it is Amaryllis to whom Dr. Todhunter has given his most tender care. In the second scene, when she has at length fallen fully captive to Alcander's love, to imagine in turn, according to the wont of idyllic heroines, that her lover has played her false, quite the most effective thing is the Incantation of Amaryllis by night, over a tripod and brazier, with which she weaves approved spells to punish him. "The Incantation" itself, written in unrhymed blank verse, but verse with a regular stanzaic tunefulness, was highly effective, as will be remembered by those who saw the play on its performance. It was then intoned by Mrs. Emery, to whom the Idyll is dedicated; who with Mrs. A. L. Baldry (Miss Lily Linfield), the Thestylis on that occasion, did so much for the success of the piece. With this Incantation, which it is to be hoped some further performances of the Idyll, on a more public and larger stage, will give us the chance to hear again, those who are curious in such matters may compare the Invocation of Simaetha in the second Idyll of Theocritus. With some verses of the Incantation, which serve to show how good a craftsman in verse Dr. Todhunter proves himself in his Idyll throughout, we leave the conclusion of the loves of Alcander and Amaryllis, and of Daphnis and Thestylis, for the reader's fuller investigation in the daintily printed pages of the play itself—

"Hear me, Selene, for to thee I sing!
Calling on thee by thy most dreadful name,
Hecate; thou who through the shuddering night
Pacest where black pools of fresh offered blood
Gleam cold beside the barrows of the dead;
Dread Goddess, draw him dying to my feet!

"Hear me, Selene, for to thee I sing!
The deep moans at thy coming, and the pines
Murmur and shed their pungent balm; scared wolves
Howl in the glens, and dogs, with bristling hair,
Whine as thou standest in the triple way:
Dread Mother, draw him dying to my feet!

"Hear me, Selene, for to thee I sing!
Around this bowl I have tied in scarlet wool
Witch knots against Alcander. Let him feel
As many pangs in his false heart, who kissed
My lips in mockery, and disdains me now:
Dread Goddess, draw him dying to my feet!

"Hear me, Selene, for to thee I sing!
I cast this barley on the fire, and say:
'Even so I scatter strong Alcander's bones!'
I fling these laurel-leaves upon the fire,
And say: 'So let his flesh be shrivelled up!'
Dread Mother, draw him dying to my feet!"

FICTION.

1. The Redemption of Edward Strahan. By W. J. Dawson. London: Hodder & Stoughton.
2. The House of Martha. By Frank R. Stockton. One vol. London: James R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 1891.
3. The Flight of the Shadow. By George MacDonald. One vol. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1891.
4. She Loved a Sailor. By Amelia E. Barr. One vol. London: James Clarke & Co.

Mr. Gladstone describes the first of these works as "a powerful book with a pure and high aim," and all must admit that Mr. Dawson, whose name we do not remember before in fiction, has produced a book very much above the average. There is something in it that is profoundly moving, and at the same time stimulating. It appeals to the divine spark which lies (in many cases dormant) in every human being. The book is written with an overmastering earnestness which carries all before it. The writer has seen and heard and felt the things that he so vividly portrays. It is written with a purpose—that of awakening a slumbering world to the mighty forces that lie about and under our feet; of the volcanoes on which we so lightly tread; of the misery, sin, and degradation that lie close about us as we sing and dance life away.

In describing life in the country town, its narrow interests and disputes, we are reminded of George Eliot. There is more than a family likeness between Mr. Bannerman and Mr. Bulstrode, but we miss the subtlety of her touch. Mr. Dawson is robust rather than subtle. He lays on the colours a little too thickly. No life of such glaring hypocrisy as Mr. Bannerman's is nowadays compatible with the respect and regard of his neighbours. We live under a light so fierce that it penetrates to the darkest corners. Our secret actions, our very thoughts, are known and estimated at their true value. Criticism is in the air we breathe. Even children in this nineteenth century of ours take stock of everything (not excluding their parents); they count the cost of everything, measure the contemplated naughtiness by the foreseen punishment, and forego the former if they find the pain of the latter outweigh its pleasure. When reviewing "The Nether World," by Mr. George Gissing, we called attention to the paralysing effect of these Gospels of Despair. Mr. Dawson, we are thankful to see, although he speaks with all the horror and shock of first experience fresh upon him, does see some light in the darkness. Some lives he shows us whose beautiful radiance shines out like stars in a black night sky. Still, even he, as it seems to us, under-estimates the good that is doing, the wealth of love and passionate pity that is poured forth without stint, the self-sacrificing labours of those who count it as nothing to lay down their lives in the service of the poor. It is true that it is not easy to reconcile the Christianity which some of us practise with the Christianity we profess. This discrepancy was startlingly brought out some years ago in a pamphlet called "Modern Christianity a Civilised Heathenism." The best answer to it is to be found in the noble sermon preached at Oxford in 1875 by Dr. Pusey. There are Christlike lives to be found "in the drawing-rooms of the rich as well as in the hovels of the poor," and in countless ways countless lives are dedicated to His service. It is right that people (the rich and the prosperous especially) should have the full horror of things brought before them, and herein lies the value of a book of this kind; but it is our plain duty not to omit the qualifying mercies, and, after all has been said and done, it is not poverty and the misery born of poverty that is the great difficulty in our path; it is sin, the root of all the evil, which is the mighty stumbling-block. If we can do anything to deepen the sense of sin in ourselves and in our fellow-creatures—to strengthen the sense of the responsibility of human life, we shall not have lived or worked in vain.

Vanderley, the hero of "The House of Martha," returned to America at the end of a year's travel. The year had furnished him with many interesting experiences which he was exceedingly desirous to recount. But he could find no audience. As soon as he began his story he was at once cut short by another story of something which had happened at home during his absence. It seemed to him that true listening had become a lost art; and, as he was a man of some means, he advertised for "A respectable and intelligent person, willing to devote several hours a day to listening to the recitals of a traveller." The first applicant whom he selected was not a success; on the tenth day Vanderley discovered that his listener had fallen asleep:

"As I stopped speaking he awoke with a start, and attempted to excuse himself by stating that he had omitted to take coffee with his evening meal. I made no answer, but, opening my pocket-book, paid and discharged him."

The second applicant, Chester Walkirk, proved admirable not only as a listener but as an understudy, in which capacity he took Vanderley's place on all occasions when Vanderley did not feel inclined to take it himself. But when Vanderley took it into his head that he would like to make the account

of his travels into a book, Walkirk refused to act as his amanuensis; and he was finally driven to make use of one of the sisters of the House of Martha, a religious house which devoted the earnings of the sisters to charitable purposes. Now, although Vanderley was kept in one room and the sister in another, which was locked, and the dictation of the book had to be done through a grating, he fell in love, of course, with his fair amanuensis. So far Mr. Stockton has made excellent use of his materials, and there is no lack of that whimsical and eccentric humour which is characteristic of the author. The rest of the book is devoted to the many difficulties which stand in the way of Vanderley's courtship. With this part of the volume we were less well satisfied; the author seemed to vacillate, to hesitate between the farcical and the real. We have a string of incidents, mostly unconventional and amusing, but they want background and atmosphere. The reader gets weary of the lover's difficulties before he is at the end of them. The plot of the story is ingenious, and it is improbable that Mr. Stockton will ever write a book which could fairly be called dull; but we have seen work of his that amused and pleased us very much more than "The House of Martha."

There is a certain family likeness between all of Dr. MacDonald's stories. Each bears the impress of the author's individuality. Most of them are religious; and Dr. MacDonald treats of religion with unusual independence and force. Most of them contain passages which are really poetical and beautiful. And most of them, unfortunately, contain much which is merely melodramatic. In "The Flight of the Shadow" there is far too much which is melodramatic; and when the stagey mystery has at last limped to its solution we find that the solution is very familiar, very old, and slightly decrepit. We cared very little for the mystery, nor did the lurid villainy of Lady Cairnedge seem to us to possess much conviction. She plotted, she threatened, she snarled; her favourite oath was "Quench my soul!" When she wrote the letter S, she made it like a snake that was just going to strike. The stepson of this woman and the heroine of the story fell in love at first sight. The chapter which describes the incident is one of the most attractive in the book. Lady Cairnedge had other plans for her son, and was violently opposed to the marriage. When other means failed, she threatened that she would denounce the heroine's uncle—a good man, but romantic—as a murderer. The way in which the uncle received this threat and his subsequent disappearance will not deceive the practised reader; he will merely wait for the solution, unshaken in his belief that good uncles do not commit murders. We do not think that its author can be considered to be at his best in this book; it is too wild and too unconvincing. But those who like a melodramatic story, told with some spirit and ingenuity, will possibly be interested in it.

There is an insufferable picture on the cover of "She Loved a Sailor," which might almost drive a timorous reader away from a very readable story. The picture represents the heroine and the sailor with gilt faces; to this the heroine adds the expression and appearance of an affectionate poodle. The story itself deals with many matters of history, but perhaps its chief interest is fictional. The weakest part of the story is that which deals with the hero's intended surrender of the heroine to his brother. He has some reason to believe that the heroine loves him, and no reason worth mentioning to think that she loves his brother; yet he is willing to give her up at once in order to promote the happiness of his brother. Instead of admiring the heroic self-sacrifice, the reader is irritated with the man's stupidity. All comes right in the end, and the heroine is very much happier than her girl friend who marries a kind of Legree. The book is not wholly unconventional; but it makes use of some new and interesting materials, and forms, on the whole, a very readable volume.

THE MAGAZINES.

TEUFELSDRÖCKH'S toast, "The Cause of the Poor in Heaven's Name and the Devil's," is warmly seconded with New Year articles in many of the magazines. The author of "Charles Lowder" gives in *Longman's* an account of the doings of the "Donna" in 1891—an exceedingly useful charity, which, through the opening of a monthly subscription list, has become identified with this magazine. Miss F. Mabel Robinson's "A Unit" (*Albemarle*) is a brief history of the life and death of a London waif, told with quiet power. In "Hungry Children" (*Macmillan's*), Mr. H. Clarence Bourne has sensible things to say of poor families, believing that political economy can raise no objection to charitable interference where its effect is to lift a family into a position of self-dependence. "The Sorting of Paupers" (*English Illustrated*) is a plea for the protection of the self-respecting poor from the contamination of the criminal class in the workhouse. Miss Edith Sellers contrasts our system with that of Austria, where already something like Mr. Booth's plan is in operation. A special article, "The Horrors of Hunger" (*Nineteenth Century*), by Nicholas Shishkoff, of the Relief Committee of the Society of the Red Cross, tells a dreadful tale of the failure of the rye crop in twenty-two provinces in Russia. Rye-bread is nearly the exclusive food of the 20,000,000 inhabitants of these provinces, and they have less of it than the Irish had of their staple during the potato famine. Every pound sent to the Governor of Samara, M. Shishkoff's province, will save a life. Beside this appalling misery Mr. E. B. Lanin's account of the persecution of the Stundists (*Contemporary*)—the Russian Puritans—horrible as it is, sinks into insignificance. Penal servitude in Siberia is a holiday to starvation in a Russian winter which lasts for half the year. Even those of us who were not alive at the time cannot think of the cotton famine in Lancashire without a shudder; but imagine twenty Lancashires trying to live on grass for six months! The story of M. Lassotsky, in Mr. Lanin's paper, is very dreadful, but the one-sidedness of the view, and the dependence on hearsay evidence, interfere with our full credence.

The principal literary article of the month is Mr. Swinburne's brief note on Victor Hugo's "Dieu" (*Fortnightly*). In this unfinished poem Mr. Swinburne finds parallelisms with Blake and Tennyson. Of the former English poet he says a very fine thing: he "was only not a great poet in the formal and executive sense, because he was always altogether a child at heart, and a vagrant denizen on earth of the kingdom of Heaven." In "Men of Letters and the State" (*National*), Mr. W. Earl Hodgson takes a very sanguine view of the economic prospects of literature, being confident that the time is not far off when no great poet or novelist will lack the qualification for having bestowed upon him the highest distinction in the English hierarchy. Remembering the fate of James Thomson, and the slow growth of Mr. Meredith's popularity, this seems a rash prophecy. Mr. Traill's dialogue of the dead (*National*) is much better than his "Minor Poets" (*Nineteenth*). The reply to Mr. Traill's paper on the drama by Mr. H. A. Jones in the *New Review* was hardly necessary; but Mr. Jones seems to have adopted the *rôle* of exponent of the proverbial non-angelic method in matters theatrical. Mrs. Crosse's "Wedded Poets" (*Temple Bar*) is not, as the title might suggest, an article on poets who have been married. It is a pleasant and chatty paper on Mr. and Mrs. Browning. Mr. Coulson Kernahan writes appreciatively of Philip Bourke Marston in the *Fortnightly* and the *Gentleman's*. Mr. Augustine Birrell, in "Authors and Critics" (*New Review*), suggests the advisability of critical journals choosing their own subjects, in opposition to the present method of following the publisher's advertisement columns.

Pitt is the biographical subject of the month.

Blackwood, the *National Review*, and the *Nineteenth Century* agree in the opinion that Lord Rosebery's "Life" is worthy of its great subject. In the *Cosmopolitan* there is a very valuable article on Columbus, containing reproductions of all the available portraits of the Admiral of the Ocean. Three other American monthlies are specially strong in biographical matter. In *Harper's Magazine* there is the first of a series of "Personal Recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne," by Mr. Horatio Bridge, written in a desultory, inartistic way, and containing, as yet, nothing of moment. M. Gounod writes appreciatively of himself and his friends (*Century*) during the three years he spent in Italy and Germany, 1839-42, as prizeman for musical composition at the Institute of France. It is pleasant reading. Some unpublished correspondence of Washington Allston (*Scribner*) arouses interest. "Great talents to a timid mind are of as little value to the owner as gold to a miser" is a significant remark from a young man of twenty-two; and this of an Edinburgh Reviewer pins down the maker of paradoxes with entomological skill: "The speculations of the writer seemed to be those of a man who, in hunting after originality, runs down a common thought till it falls to pieces, then putting it again together, and, by stitching on the head where the tail was, is astonished to find what an extraordinary animal he has been chasing." There are two very interesting letters from Coleridge to Allston. From one of them it appears that suicide at a certain period of his career was often in Coleridge's thoughts. He says, "I gave life to my children, and they have repeatedly given it to me; for, by the Maker of all things, but for them I would try my chance." Washington Allston was altogether a unique figure among the earlier American painters. A life of him by his nephew, Jared B. Flagg, soon to be published, will be very welcome. Mrs. L. B. Walford writes on "Sydney Smith" in *Newbery House*.

Mr. Hawkins in the *English Illustrated*, and Messrs. R. W. Lowe and William Archer in *Longman's*, write of "*King Henry the Eighth* on the Stage." Mr. Hawkins's article is heavy compared with the other, but it has the advantage of some attractive illustrations, notably Harlowe's "Kemble Family in *Henry VIII.*," and Mr. Forbes Robertson's excellent portrait of "Phelps as Cardinal Wolsey." Mr. F. H. Hill's "Revival of *Henry VIII.*" (*Contemporary*) is a careful study in comparative criticism.

The lighter matter in the *Welsh Review* is amusing in a manner unintended by the writers. "It is refreshing," says Liknon, "to find Mr. Henry Irving standing forth as an oasis of common-sense in a desert of false sentiment, and smashing in bits the pretensions of an idiotic crew," etc. There is some humour of the rough and ready kind in "The Views of the Member for Treorky," but the style requires much chastening. The weightier articles are better. "The Issue outside of the Forest of Dean" shows what an able barrister Mr. Harold Frederic would have made. The *Albemarle* is the most promising of the new magazines. It is intended that its dominant note shall be individual independence of thought. That means competition, not with the lighter magazines, but with the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Fortnightly*; which at sixpence, even with a fifth of the matter of the half-crown monthlies, is to dare greatly. Do the editors remember that the price of the *New Review* has been raised twice, and its size much increased?—but we shall not forebode. *St. Nicholas* contains a very charming poem by Miss Helen Gray Cone, addressed to the portrait of a little Spanish maid by an unknown artist. An engraving of this really remarkable painting is the frontispiece. Mr. J. M. Buckley, writing on "Witchcraft" in the *Century*, makes what seems at first the astounding announcement that witchcraft is at the present time believed in by a majority of the citizens of the United States, and that in Canada the belief is more prevalent than in any part of the United States, except the interior of Pennsylvania and the South. It does not seem so remarkable when we remember the millions of negroes in the States, and the French section in Canada. Sir Herbert Maxwell has a very charming article on "Pleasure" in *Blackwood*. It is not only readable and suggestive, being wonderfully full of quotation and allusion, but it shows scholarship; and its occasional quaint pedantries are anything but disagreeable. Sir Herbert also writes a dashing article on "The Rural Voter" (*National*), which will, however, meet with scant courtesy from economists. The same subject is treated in a trilogy in the *Nineteenth Century* by Lord Thring, Mr. W. E. Bear, and Mrs. Stephen Batson. Captain Maude denies in the *United Service Magazine* that the French army is now again the best in Europe. Mr. York Powell writes pointedly in support of the English School (*Educational Review*) against its opponents at Oxford. Two new serials begin in the *Monthly Packet*: "Strolling Players" by Miss Yonge, and "In Cadore" by Miss Moira O'Neill. Mrs. Henry Wood begins a new story, "Ashley," in the *Argosy*. The *Thinker*, a monthly review of Christian thought, and the *Record*, a bi-monthly review of technical and secondary education, begin with the year.

We must not omit to mention Mr. Francis Adams' "A New Capitalist" (*Contemporary*), and Sir Charles Dilke's "Conservative Foreign Policy" (*Fortnightly*).

TRIFLING TRAVELS.

A Winter Cruise in Summer Seas: How I Found Health. By Charles C. Atchison. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1891.

"4.30 p.m.—We are overhauling the *Liguria* within the twenty-four hours, as Mr. Ritchie promised we should. She has been hanging on and trying to race us this three-quarters of an hour, but we are walking in 'hand over fist,' as they say, though she is puffing and blowing and making every effort to hold on to us.

"5.30 p.m.—A five-masted American schooner on our starboard beam. Mr. Ritchie has just put the *Clyde* up to sixty revolutions per minute, so as to shake off the *Liguria*, and we are leaving her inch by inch, but quite perceptibly. As the dinner bell goes we are showing her a clean pair of heels.

"8 p.m.—All dinner time Mr. Ritchie was smiling and glancing through the saloon port at the outstripped *Liguria*. What a sell for the people on board of her! She left Buenos Ayres two days before we did, and four friends of Mervin's hurried off by her, thinking, of course, she would reach Southampton before the *Clyde*; yet I hear it is quite certain we shall beat her by three days."

That is a specimen of Mr. Atchison's chronicle of the stirring events of his voyage from Southampton, through the Brazils, to Buenos Ayres and back.

"Brazil is the home of the parrot, the macaw, and the humming-bird, and others unsurpassed in beauty by any birds in the world. Its chief fruits are the pineapple, banana, orange, mango, and melon; and its production of maize, wheat, rice, coffee, sugar, tobacco, and cotton is immense. Half the coffee of the world is grown in the Brazils.

"The population is mainly composed of the descendants of Portuguese, Negroes, and Germans. The true Brazilian of to-day (he of Portuguese descent) is small, slight, and sallow or dark. Though weaker and less thrifty, he retains some of the shrewdness of his ancestors. In morals he is below the Argentine; but he loves learning, and his children respect their parents.

"The rearing of negro children is a difficult process. In spite of the mistress's great care, three-fourths die in the weaning."

This is a fair sample of the kind of "useful information" with which Mr. Atchison tries to weight his book.

"9 p.m.—Talking just now with an Englishman long resident in Argentina, he kindly corrected my pronunciation of that word. The 'g' is like the German 'ch'—Archentina, therefore, is the correct sound. Mr. Scott, a passenger who joined us at Rio, hearing this little lesson, said it reminded him of the policeman of whom a Frenchman inquired his way to 'Karing Cross.' Drawing himself up to his full height, and looking down his nose at 'Froggy,' the man in blue delivered himself thus:—'It ain't "Karing Cross"; the diphthong "ch" is not hard, as in "cab," "cucumber," "cork," but soft, as in "sherry," "sugar," "shirt."'"

Here we have the author in his "funny" mood, and that mood intrudes itself in almost every page. Trifling as Mr. Atchison's book is, perhaps it is unfair to judge it too severely. The fact is, he was ordered a sea voyage for his health, and his book tells us how he succeeded in accomplishing his object for an expenditure of £100. Those who long to follow his example might be helped by glancing at the volume.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

"I DO pretend to have spent my time in armies, navies, and cities, not in universities; nor to have been much conversant in books, through my constant employment in, and the little leisure I had from, my profession." So wrote, in 1672, Richard Wiseman, sergeant-surgeon to Charles II., as he looked back on the thirty-five years which he had spent in the public service. Surprisingly little has hitherto been known concerning the strange and adventurous career of an "artist in chirurgy," whose grave and handsome face still adorns the walls of the College of Surgeons. There was, therefore, ample room for a good biographical sketch, and Sir T. Longmore's painstaking and picturesque volume is accordingly sure to find many readers. In the seventeenth century there was nothing remarkable in a surgeon practising at one time in the Navy, and at another time in the Army; indeed, it was common enough for a medical man to serve first with a regiment in the field, and afterwards as a "sea-chirurgeon" on board ship. History abounds also in instances of officers serving under the flag of any foreign country which at the moment was at peace with England. Richard Wiseman was at one period a surgeon in the Royal Navy of Spain, and afterwards saw active service at sea in the gallant little navy of Holland; but it was as an army surgeon in the Civil War that his skill rendered him famous. Afterwards, he was for a term of years an exile and wanderer in foreign parts. But at the Restoration, Charles II., who, with all his faults, was not ungrateful, appointed him sergeant-surgeon, and in this position of honour and comparative leisure his pen was busy, and he grew eminent in his profession. For a time Wiseman was personal surgeon to the King, and he was always a man of consequence even outside the limits of his own profession. In the main, he fought against old-established superstitions, which blocked the path of surgical progress, but, oddly enough—perhaps because he was a courtier—he professed his belief in the efficacy of the royal touch for the cure of certain disorders. His emoluments, even at the time of his greatest influence at Court, were certainly not excessive, for we find that his high professional appointments only brought him an income of £256 a year. He was a bold surgeon, but a humane man, and his chief enemies were the quacks and illiterate pretenders to knowledge, whom he did his best to expose. This well-written and attractive monograph contains a fine portrait of Richard Wiseman, from a miniature painted in 1660, which is now in the possession of the Duke of Rutland.

The new volume of the Adventure Series cannot be described as a satisfactory book; indeed, in our opinion, "Hard Life in the Colonies" falls lamentably short, alike in literary merit and real interest, of the majority of its predecessors. These three hundred and sixty pages have been compiled from private letters, written twenty years ago or less by three roving young Englishmen, and they describe a voyage to China in a sailing ship, roughing it in Australia and New Zealand, and other mild adventures ashore and afloat. The record is not remarkable either in matter or in manner, and we can only express our surprise that a narrative so vacuous and commonplace should have found its way into a series which contains at least half a dozen vigorous and even noteworthy books.

"Ocean Steamships" is a popular account of the construction, development, management, and appliances of the floating palaces which now ply between Liverpool and New York, London and Sydney, and other great ports of the world. The book is written by experts, and it gives a singularly lucid and attractive picture of the building of a great modern liner. Ship-building is not even yet an exact science, and as a matter of fact the closest calculations are often falsified by unforeseen and even inexplicable causes. Two ships, like the *Umbria* and *Etruria* for instance, may be built side by side of identical materials, lines, and dimensions; engines, boilers, and propellers may be exactly alike, and yet one vessel will turn out to be a knot or two faster than the other, and we are assured in these pages that neither the designer nor the builder is able to explain the reason. The Clyde was the scene of the first attempts of steam navigation in Great Britain, and the art of ship-building is nowhere better understood than in Glasgow. The majority of the steamers that have earned fame in the Atlantic trade have been built on the Clyde, and the Cunard, Inman, Guion, and North German Lloyd companies still come to the famous river for their ships. If the problem is how to beat the record of a seven-thousand-ton vessel, it is to the ship-builders of Glasgow that the capitalists almost invariably turn. The figures of a single year may be cited in proof of this assertion. "In 1886 forty-five vessels were built at London measuring three thousand six hundred and ninety-six tons; sixteen vessels at Liverpool measuring eighteen thousand two hundred and sixty-eight tons; and fifty vessels on the Tyne measuring forty-nine thousand six hundred and forty-one tons. On the Clyde, during the same period, one hundred and fifty-one vessels were built, measuring one hundred and thirty-five thousand six hundred and fifty-nine tons, or nearly double the work done by all the other shipyards combined." The changes which have come over a seaman's life in consequence of the application of steam to ocean navigation is one of a score of interesting themes which are discussed in this volume, and we are assured—though we confess that we are still rather sceptical on the point—that the modern liners have not improved off the face of the ocean the typical sailors of old-fashioned story and song. The book abounds in practical information, and if here and there its trans-Atlantic origin is only too obvious, it deserves to be read, for it is both entertaining and exact. The illustrations—there are about a hundred of them—are uncommonly good, and they depict with vividness the lights and shadows of ocean travel.

Upwards of seventy years have rolled away since Thomas Love Peacock published "Nightmare Abbey"—a charming book which deserves to escape oblivion. Peacock belongs to no school in fiction, but has most in common, perhaps, with authors of the quality and stamp of De Quincey, Christopher North, and Walter Savage Landor. His novels are absolutely unconventional, and the wit which pervades them has a delicate flavour which is peculiarly its own. "I have nearly finished 'Nightmare Abbey,'" wrote Peacock to Shelley in the summer of 1818; "I think it necessary to make a stand against the encroachments of black bile." Let us recommend the book to anybody who is falling under the black shadow of the same complaint; it will do as much for him—if taken in judicious doses—as the doctors. Thanks to Dr. Garnett, "Nightmare Abbey" has at length appeared in an edition which is both choice and cheap. It is printed in clear, old-fashioned type, on good paper, and the binding does credit to the taste of Mr. Dent. Moreover, there is a capital photogravure portrait of Peacock as a hale and handsome old man of seventy-two.

Even in Nonconformist circles what was known as the "Rivulet Controversy" is now almost forgotten. The redoubtable Dr. Campbell, of *Banner* and *Patriot* fame, played an energetic but mischievous part in the affair, and the chief sufferer was a gifted preacher-poet, Thomas T. Lynch—a sensitive, spiritually-minded man, who was little fitted to cope with so rough and coarse an antagonist. The squabble was over a hymn-book in which Dr. Campbell thought he detected deadly heresy; yet some of those hymns from the "Rivulet" have already become classic, and are in every collection of sacred songs for public worship which is at all worthy of the name. Anglicans and Methodists, Unitarians and Baptists, Presbyterians and Independents, have borrowed some choice examples of psalmody from the once persecuted preacher who, thirty years ago, used to discourse to a handful of kindred spirits in a little chapel on the Hampstead Road. The "Rivulet Birthday Book" is incomparably superior to many other volumes of the kind. It is packed with thoughtful passages from the prose and verse of a man who had something fresh, reverent, and fearless to say on the highest of all themes, and who knew, moreover, how to say it in a winning and gracious way. But we must find room for a taste of its quality:—"The heart seems a vessel; the mind the wide-sweeping net; the world the full sea! We gather so much that our ladened heart begins to sink. But there comes deliverance when God brings us to our desired haven." "Faith will not make the sun rise sooner, but it will make the night seem shorter." "The Gospel is the truest thing the world has ever known—even if you shatter it by criticism into the very dust of fable." This is distinctly a welcome book.

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* RICHARD WISEMAN, SURGEON, AND SERGEANT-SURGEON TO CHARLES II. A Biographical Study. By Surgeon-General Sir T. Longmore, C.B., etc. Portrait. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

HARD LIFE IN THE COLONIES, AND OTHER EXPERIENCES BY SEA AND LAND. Now first printed. Compiled from Private Letters by C. Carlyon Jenkyns. Illustrated. (The Adventure Series.) London: T. Fisher Unwin. Crown 8vo.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS. By F. E. Chadwick, W.S.N., J. D. J. Keeley, W.S.N., etc. Illustrated. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street.

NIGHTMARE ABBEY. By T. Love Peacock. Edited by Richard Garnett, LL.D. London: J. M. Dent & Co. 12mo, cloth.

THE RIVULET BIRTHDAY BOOK. Compiled chiefly from The Rivulet, and Theophilus Trinal of Thomas T. Lynch. By Morell Theobald, F.C.A. London: James Clarke & Co. 32mo, cloth.

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